

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,008

MARCH 23, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,008.—VOL. XXXIX.
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE VERY SMALLEST CHILDREN



THE SCHOOL ATTACHED TO DRURY LANE THEATRE
THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES

Topics of the Week

PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTION.—The real secret of the Obstructive tactics which have been pursued in the House of Commons ever since the Session began lies in the extraordinary bitterness of partisan feeling which characterises the present Opposition. More or less willingly, the whole of the Gladstonian party have gone over bag and baggage to the Parnellites, and have adopted their discreditable methods of delay. Patriotism is thrown to the winds, the urgent business of the nation is a matter of trivial importance, all that these gentlemen aim at is to force on a Dissolution which may possibly place them in a better position than they now occupy, and can scarcely leave them in one which is worse. Mr. Labouchere, who often blurts out sentiments which the more cunning members of his party have neither the courage nor the honesty to avow, boldly announces that this is his object, and he is warmly backed up by some half-hundred of the ultra-Radicals, who have just held a meeting for the purpose of rendering Obstruction a more systematic apparatus than it now is. It is useless to lecture these hot-headed gentry on their lack of true patriotism, but their enthusiasm may possibly be damped by Lord Salisbury's frank avowal that nothing will drive him from office, until the present Parliament legally expires, but a vote of want of confidence. One consideration may, however, moderate the zeal of the more sensible of these obstructionists. If the game is played too long England, like France, may become weary of Parliamentarism, and, if a Boulanger were to appear among us, he might find an influential following. Let them put that in their pipes, if we may venture to quote the classical Dr. Tanner.

GENERAL BOULANGER.—General Boulanger's speech on Sunday was by far the most skilful he has yet delivered, and it has deepened the conviction of the Radicals that in him they have to deal with a very formidable opponent. It is impossible to dispute that there is much truth in the charges brought by him against the Republic in its present form. For years the Government of France has been in the hands of a clique who detest the idea of tolerance in any wide sense of the term. They have given needless offence to the Church; they have driven into exile the representatives of political conceptions which differ from their own; they have treated as enemies sincere Republicans whose only offence is that they are in favour of a calm, moderate, and dignified policy in the conduct both of domestic and of foreign affairs. So long as General Boulanger confined himself to the statement of these notorious facts, he spoke wisely and effectively. His speech was much less satisfactory when he went on to refer to the remedy. He professed, as usual, to be thoroughly loyal to Republican institutions. He even ventured to warn the Royalists and the Imperialists that he had no sympathy with their ultimate aims, and that they would never be allowed to recover the ground they had lost. He carefully abstained, however, from indicating the precise nature of the system he himself proposes to establish. The only thing quite certain is that his Republic will be "non-Parliamentary." What can this mean but that France, if he succeeds, is to be subject to a Dictatorship? No doubt he intends that his Dictatorship shall lead to all the fine results which he described with so much enthusiasm; but his countrymen will act with extraordinary recklessness if they entrust to him the powers he demands. It is certainly necessary, as he says, that the basis of the Republic should be deeper and broader than it has hitherto been; but it would be easy for Frenchmen, by the prudent exercise of their electoral rights, to secure this object without placing themselves at the mercy either of General Boulanger or any other despot.

UPPER BURMA.—The anarchical condition of England's latest annexation in Asia shows no sign of improving. Every week brings fresh tidings of conflict, and it seems quite clear that in many outlying districts British authority is merely a name. The dacoit bands may be poor fighters, but they possess one military qualification to an almost ideal degree: they are astonishingly mobile. Try to crush them at one place, and, like a globule of mercury under a spatula, they swiftly slip away, re-unite, and turn up none the worse for the process, at some other spot. The truth is that brigandage has existed too long in Upper Burma to be easily suppressed. Under the late dynasty, it might be considered a Constitutional institution. The throne rested, paradoxical as it may appear, on anarchy; had the late king attempted to crush the robber-bands, they would have soon made him feel that he was merely their monarch on sufferance. No wonder, therefore, that dacoity dies hard when its roots are thus deeply implanted in the national life. The disappointment is that we make such slow progress—if any at all—with extirpation. Whether it be that we have not hit on the right method, or whether there are too few military and police, it is the unfortunate fact that this fine province continues to raise the question as to whether its annexation was a wise proceeding. Some of the native papers predicted that it would prove a white elephant to the Indian Empire, costing a great deal more than it would ever yield. So far,

these Cassandras are fully justified by the event; Upper Burma is the lean kine that eats up the fatness of Lower Burma.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE BOARD OF WORKS.—When the old cook is going, under notice, a prudent mistress usually arranges that she shall be out of the kitchen before her successor arrives. Sometimes, however, this cannot be managed, and then "ructions" are apt to occur. This clash of powers has just taken place between the outgoing and the in-coming Metropolitan Municipalities. The moribund Board of Works aroused the wrath of the County Councilors by its determination to remain very much alive up to the last moment of its existence. It bestowed pensions on its officials, it sanctioned the encroachment on the Marylebone Road frontages, and, most daring of all, it accepted a tender for the construction of the Blackwall Tunnel. All these transactions may be, and probably were in themselves, perfectly legitimate, for, until it is legally defunct, a corporation has the right to exhibit the usual symptoms of vitality, but it can scarcely be doubted that their exercise (especially of the two latter) was exceedingly imprudent. Justly, or unjustly, the Board of Works had become very unpopular, and, therefore, Lord Magheramorne would have been wiser had he advised his colleagues, during their last official hours, to confine themselves to mere routine matters, and, even at the risk of causing considerable delay, leaving such enterprises as the Blackwall Tunnel for the decision of their successors. Moreover, Lord Magheramorne and his fellow-members knew that they were not all-powerful. There was a greater than themselves in existence. We respectfully allude to Mr. Ritchie. The result is that their official lives have been prematurely shortened under his guillotine. "Off with their heads—so much for the Board of Works!" as Cibber does not say in Mr. Mansfield's version of *Richard III.* Well, let us in conclusion pray that the County Council may emulate the Board's virtues, which were many, and avoid their faults, which, after all, were not very serious.

KING MILAN AND SERBIA.—On Tuesday King Milan was received by the Emperor of Austria at the Castle of Buda, and we may suppose that he did his best to justify his abdication. He has tried hard to convince the world that he acted from patriotic motives, but no one has taken his explanations quite seriously. The best excuse that can be offered for his conduct is that his health was seriously injured by the incessant strain caused by the difficulties of his position. It would be well for his former subjects if, having ceased to be their ruler, he would also cease to reside among them. He is incapable of exercising a good personal influence on his son, and his presence at Belgrade would probably soon lead to various kinds of more or less dangerous intrigue. As yet his abdication has been followed by no very important consequences. The people appear to have been sobered by the consciousness that a false step might bring them face to face with grave perils, and their self-control has made the task of the Regents comparatively easy. Nothing has been done by Russia to add to the difficulties of the situation. This is due in part to the pacific inclinations of the Czar, but we must also take into account the fact that any interference by the Russian Government would at once have been met by corresponding action on the part of Austria. For the present, Russia cannot afford to run the risk of provoking a contest in the course of which her rival might be able to secure the co-operation of Germany. So long as the Great Powers hold one another in check, Serbia will have an excellent opportunity of attending quietly to her own affairs; and we must hope that she will not miss so good a chance of setting her house thoroughly in order. It is in her power, if she chooses, to show that neither Austria nor Russia have any real excuse for claiming a right to control her destinies.

STATE EMIGRATION CLUBS.—The common sense of the country is pretty well agreed that the only real and effective remedy for overcrowding is emigration commensurate with the increment of population. Beyond, however, the acceptance of that general principle, no advance has been made towards the solution of the greatest social problem of the day. That there are multitudes of hard-working men and women in these isles who would seek their fortunes abroad, if they could only get there, is proved by the immense number of British and Irish emigrants who are now proceeding to the Argentine Republic. That rising country finds it remunerative to pay for the conveyance of labour to cultivate its vast and fertile plains. But our colonies can now get as much as they require without payment, and are consequently closed against emigrants who cannot pay their passages out. In order to get over this monetary difficulty, emigration clubs have been established in many parts of the kingdom, and the Rev. Styleman Herring bears witness to the good they do. But they are based on the principle that no member will get his passage paid for him until his weekly subscriptions cover the sum, and that takes a long time. These clubs, nevertheless, point out a way in which the State could act, without disarranging the ordinary emigration machinery of the country. Were it to defray the whole cost of exporting indigent labourers and mechanics, we should soon see every intending emigrant making the "poor face," as the Irish call it. But if the State did no more than add a yearly bonus to club funds, proportionate to the amount

received in subscriptions during the twelve preceding months, the members would still have to wait a considerable time, while the cost to taxpayers would be very much less than in the other case.

CRIME IN FICTION AND IN FACT.—The incidents of the cab murder in Manchester bore an undoubted similarity to those of a recent sensational story which attained a notoriety far in excess of its intrinsic literary merits. Naturally, therefore, one would like to know whether the young man who now lies under sentence of death had had the crime suggested to him by the novelette in question. It was not necessary for him even to have read the story, for the sensational pictures which were placarded at nearly every news-vendor's told their own tale. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the sort of stories which are now so popular, in which criminal and vicious incidents form the staple attraction, must exercise a prejudicial influence, especially on young and half-educated people. On such persons as these, works of fiction, however crude and vulgar they may be—and perhaps all the more so on that account—exercise an enchantment which can scarcely be realised by those who are of mature years, and who have an extensive acquaintance with all kinds of literature. At the very best these vicious stories produce in the breast of the young reader a sense of pharisaical self-content. Unconsciously he says to himself, "I am neither a robber, nor a murderer, nor a seducer, and therefore I need not refrain from my own peccadilloes." At the worst, such books incite directly to vice and crime. It is not easy to suggest any remedy for this evil, especially as the moral tone of fiction generally has seriously degenerated within the last thirty years.

MATEBELELAND.—On Tuesday morning the Envoys of the King of Matebeleland were entertained at a public breakfast, and they seem to have produced an excellent impression on all who were present on the occasion. They belong to a brave and manly race, and no one who has had an opportunity of seeing them can doubt that England would consult her own interests in establishing and maintaining friendly relations with their Sovereign. Matebeleland should have as brilliant a future as any district in South Africa, for it has splendid material resources. Unfortunately, it has already attracted the attention of greedy adventurers and speculators, and the King has been induced to grant to some of them privileges which, if not recalled or modified, may lead to the ruin both of him and of his people. His suspicions have been aroused, and his Envoys have come to England to obtain advice that may be of use to him in the regulation of his future course. Probably the best plan would be for England to proclaim a Protectorate over his country. This is apparently what he wants, and it would at once enable the British Government to take whatever steps may be necessary to prevent the depredations of dishonest traders. If this is not considered expedient, the Government might at least appoint a Resident who would be able to send home trustworthy reports as to the real course of events. It is to be feared that Lord Knutsford has a very inadequate idea of his duty in this matter. He even declines to dissociate the office of the High Commissioner from that of the Governor of Cape Colony, although all the best authorities on the subject agree that this is an essential condition of the proper settlement of our difficulties in South Africa. The need for economy is the excuse for the short-sighted policy he has adopted. The country will hardly thank him for having saved a few thousands of pounds if he prepares the way—as he seems very likely to do—for one of those petty wars which cost so much both in blood and in treasure.

BY-ELECTION CANDIDATES.—In the case of the Unionist defeat at Kennington, as on several previous occasions, the chief excuse of the beaten party was that their candidate had not the same personal claims on the constituency that his opponent enjoyed. But, even admitting it to be so, the explanation only raises the question as to why one party should almost invariably be able to put a stronger man into the field than the other. Taking one place with another, they must be equally circumstanced, one would imagine, in that particular; while the monetary superiority—an important consideration in connection with registration and "nursing"—is certainly not on the Gladstonian side. Nor is there this striking difference at general elections: both parties have then to complete their lists of candidates by resorting to the "carpet-bagger" element. It is at by-elections that the disparity makes itself evident: for some reason or other the Unionist Samsons are in the habit of holding back, and allowing outsiders to take their places. Perhaps the fault may lie with the head-quarter method of arrangement. Rumour affirms that a sort of family system governs the Carlton Club appointment of candidates to constituencies. Safe seats are said to be reserved for the tritons, leaving the unsafe to be scrambled for by the minnows. If this be the case, it is easy to understand why strong candidates do not show up at by-elections in uncertain places like Kennington. They prefer to wait until a better chance of preferment offers. "It is not good enough for me," replied a member of the present Government some years ago when he was asked to stand for a risky seat. He was wise in his generation, shortly afterwards he received a nomination for a safe seat.

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Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General ManagerNOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA
COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "IN A TEA GARDEN,"
from the painting by GEORGE MORLAND.

CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES

IN our first illustration, M. Rénouard has sketched the smallest
contingent of Madame Katti Lanner's Terpsichorean army—those
whom that lady chose first for last season's pantomimes. These little
frogs, as pantomime goers may remember, come on at the tail end of
the juvenile dancers, and always excite much amusement by thenaive old-fashioned gravity with which they go through their evolu-
tions, and win great applause for the conscientious energy which
they put into their work. As we mentioned in a previous article, the
mental education of the children is by no means neglected at Drury
Lane Theatre, where even the energetic officials of the School
Board were unable to prove any failing in this respect. M.
Rénouard's second sketch represents the school of the theatre, which
is superintended by a fully certificated teacher—the school hours
being from 9.30 to 12.30. In a recent letter to the *Times* Mr.
Augustus Harris, replying to certain criticisms, declared that the
children were neither late nor irregular in their attendance at the
school, and that they take cheerfully to their education, knowing
that without it they would not be allowed to perform in the theatre.

THE STRANDING OF H.M.S. "SULTAN"

On March 7th, the British ironclad *Sultan* struck on some rocks
on the south east of Comino, a small island midway between Malta
and Gozo. Notwithstanding that immediate assistance was rendered,
and that the whole efforts of the staff of the Mediterranean squadron
were for nearly a week unceasingly devoted to getting her safely floated,
all endeavours were unsuccessful. The weather eventually became
bad, and during a heavy north-east gale on the morning of the 14th,
the vessel was forced off the rocks by a high sea, and sank. The
Sultan was one of the largest ironclads in the Navy, having a tonnage
of 9,920. Her speed and armaments, however, were inferior to the more
modern ships of war. She was launched in 1870 at Chatham, where
she had been built from the designs of Sir E. J. Reed, Chief Con-
structor of the Navy, and her prime cost was £45,155, but some
£250,000 has since been spent on her. The cause of the disaster
will doubtless be ascertained at the court-martial, but, according to
a statement of Lord G. Hamilton in Parliament on Monday, the
rocks on which the *Sultan* struck are unmarked in the chart,
deep water being there shown, though whether this is due to defective
survey or to recent volcanic action cannot at present be stated.
It is considered that any attempt to raise the *Sultan* would be
hopeless. Captain Rice and the officers and crew will return
home in the *Tamar*, which is being sent for them, and on
their arrival Captain Rice will be tried by Court Martial. The
scene of the disaster is only about a mile and a half from the
traditional spot where St. Paul was shipwrecked. Our artist,
indeed, at the time of the *Sultan's* disaster, had just sketched this
locality, "where," he writes, "a gleam of soft yellow rock exactly
represents the appearance of a fallacious beach, and where the ebb
and flow of the sea between a small island, on which is a statue of
the Apostle, bears out likewise the accuracy of the Biblical record.
Just like the vessel in which St. Paul sailed, the *Sultan* was firmly
wedged on a soft rock, which had yielded at first somewhat to the
shock. Five miles distant, on the highest point in the island, is the
cathedral of Citta Vecchia, where Publius is said to have received
St. Paul."

THE AMERICAN BASE-BALL PLAYERS

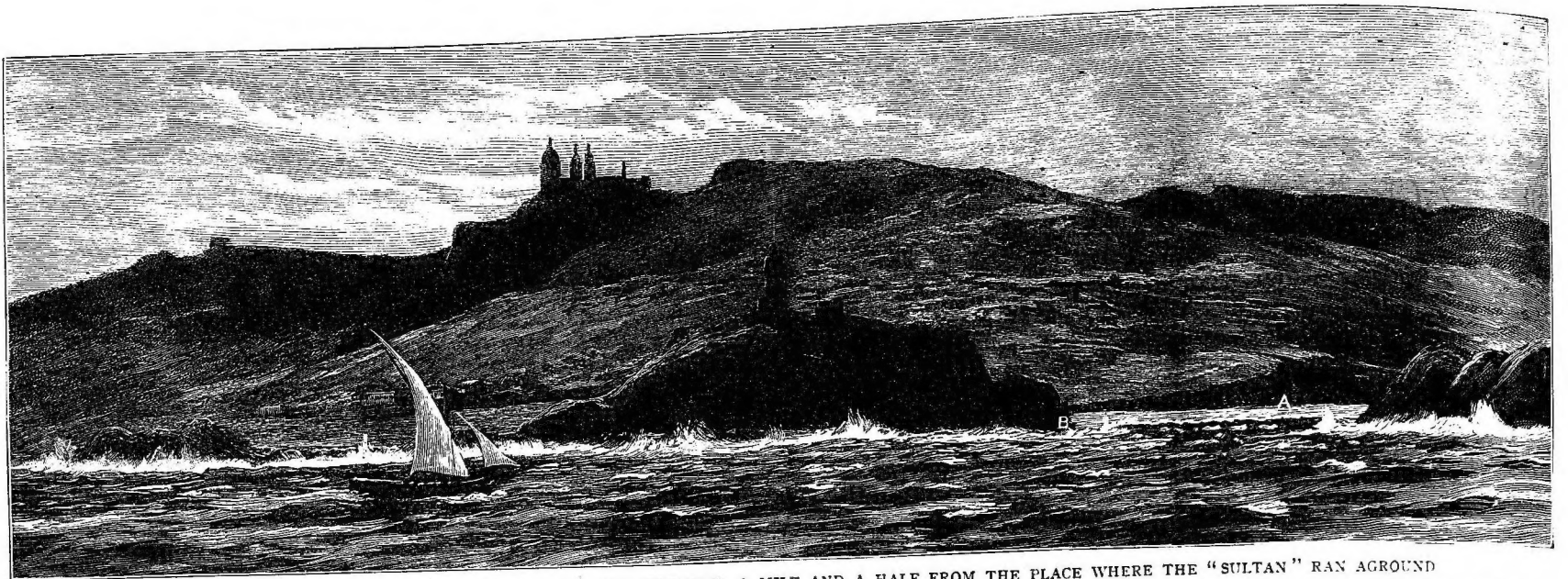
THE first of the three matches played by the American base-
ballers in the London district (the other two being at Lord's and
the Crystal Palace) came off at Kennington Oval on March 12th.
The weather was gloomy and foggy, more like November than
March, nevertheless some seven thousand persons assembled to see
the first of these exhibitions. Among the spectators were H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales, to whom, during a short interval in the game,
the base-ball players—a fine athletic-looking body of men—were
presented, Prince Christian, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein,
the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Henry White (of the U.S. Legation),
Dr. W. G. Grace, and the Hon. Ivo Bligh. The damp and dismal
weather prevented those present from viewing the game satisfac-
torily. To the ordinary spectator the principal feature was the
fielding; and the accuracy with which the ball was thrown from one
base to another, or from the outfield to the basemen, was the sub-
ject of general admiration. On the other hand the exhibition of batting
was a disappointment, the fact being that the batsman in base-ball
is very heavily handicapped. He is provided with a bat with
which it is very difficult to hit the ball accurately, and, unlike the
cricketer, he is circumscribed in his running privileges, while he
may be caught out from any hit whatsoever.—A fully illustrated
description of the game of base-ball is given in our issue of
March 2nd.

THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN

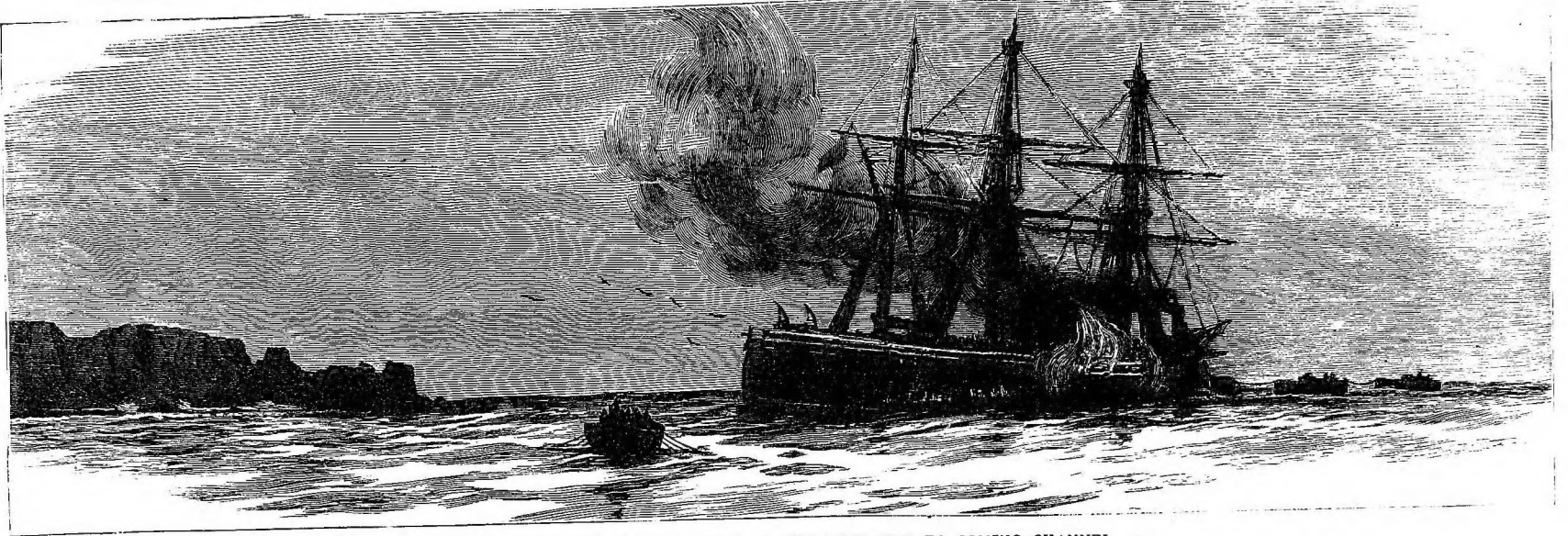
THE various Church Discipline Acts of the last half century make
no provision for the trial of an offending Bishop, and most lawyers
would have stated a year ago there was practically no existing pro-
cess by which a Bishop could be brought to trial for a doctrinal or
ritual offence. The Church Association, however (which, nominally
through certain parishioners residing in the city of Lincoln, is really
the prosecutor of Bishop King for alleged ritual irregularity) was
otherwise advised. It was declared that a precedent existed in the
case of Bishop Watson, who in the reign of William III. was tried
by Archbishop Tenison for simony, and was finally deprived and
excommunicated. The question of jurisdiction being argued before
the Privy Council, it was decided that the Archbishop undoubtedly
possessed the right claimed for him by the Church Association, and
accordingly the Court was constituted, and has held several sittings
in Lambeth Palace. Archbishop Benson alone is judge, but he has
the assistance of five Bishops of his Province (viz.: those of Lon-
don, Winchester, Rochester, Oxford, and Salisbury) as his assessors,
while his Vicar-General (Sir James Parker Deane, Q.C.) sits with
him to give such legal advice as may be required. Bishop King is
defended by Sir W. Phillimore, Q.C., Mr. Jeune, Q.C., and Mr.
Kemp; while the prosecutors are represented by Sir Horace Davey,
Q.C., Dr. Tristram, and Mr. Danckwerts.Our artist sends the following description of the trial, which is
held in the Great Hall or Library at the Lambeth Palace:—"The
proceedings files into the Court, the Archbishop being preceded by
the mace-bearer. After the mace is deposited on the table, a short
prayer for help is read, followed by the Lord's Prayer, after which
the Court is declared open. The proceedings then take the form of
an ordinary legal action, in so far as the lawyers are concerned."The Archbishop and Bishops in their robes form a most striking
picture, seated at the end of the room on a raised platform, with the
Archbishop's mace resting on the table before them."The Bench is placed at the east end of the Hall. A large space
intervenes between the Bench and counsel's table, occupied by the
Press, &c. Sir W. Phillimore in our sketch is delivering his argu-
ment against the jurisdiction of the Archbishop, assisted by Mr.
Jeune on his right and Mr. Kemp, Sir Horace Davey, Dr. Tristram,
and Mr. Danckwerts being seated at the same table, conducting
the case for the promoters of the action. Behind the counsel sit or
stand, as their luck favours them, the general public, a good
sprinkling of whom are ladies and clergy. Even then the Hall is
only a little more than half full."Our sketch was made from the side of the room level with the
Bench.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

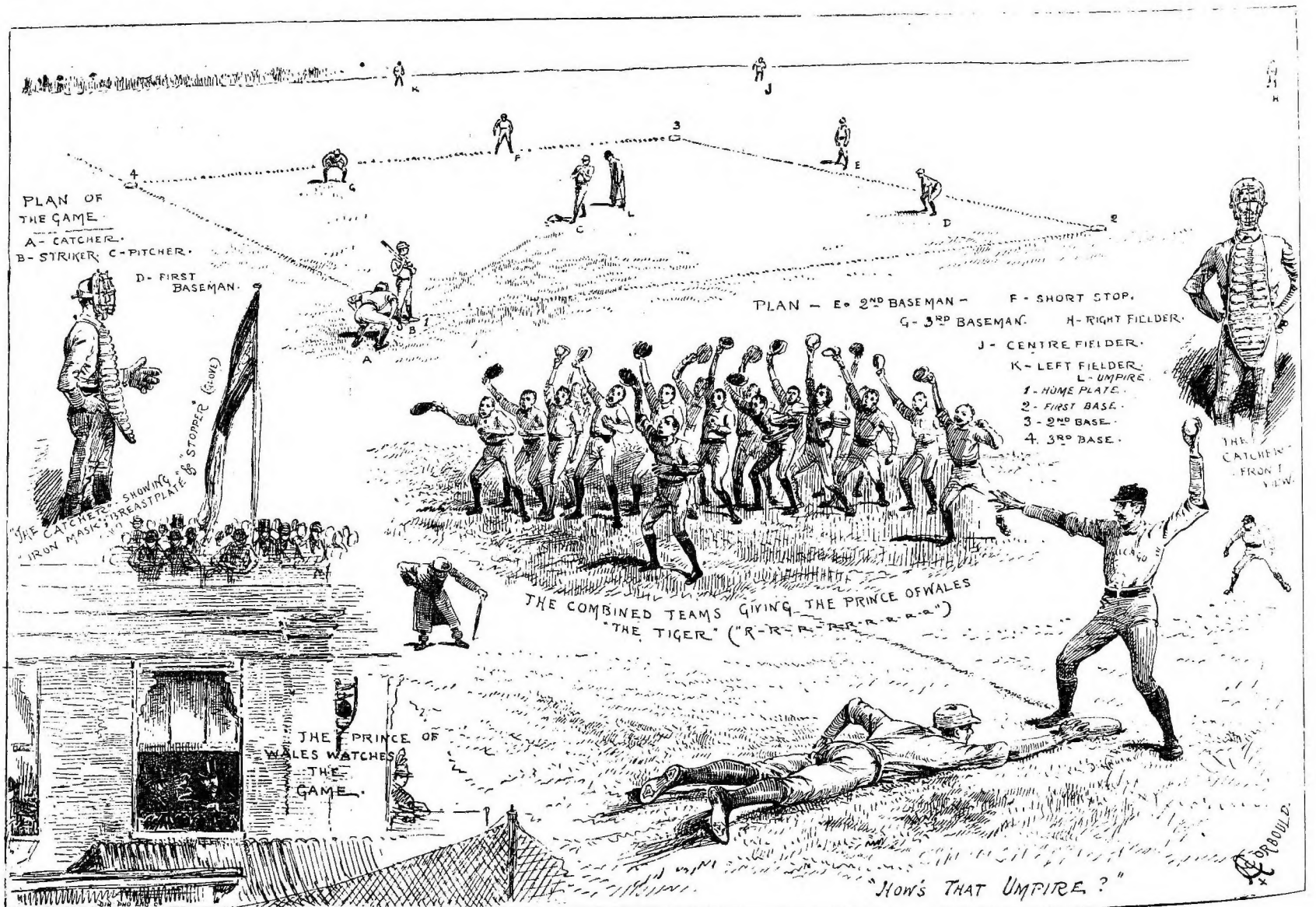
THESE sketches entirely refer to the two last sittings of the Court
on March 12th and 13th. On the second of those days it will be
remembered that the Court adjourned until April 2nd, in order to
allow the accused parties time to prepare for their defence. One of
the first persons examined on the 12th was Mr. B. W. Harcastle, aAUTOGRAPHS.—There are autographs and autographs.
A really interesting letter by a person of genuine celebrity is
a possession worth retaining. Even a mere acceptance of a
dinner invitation—provided the writer is in the first flight
of fame—is not to be despised. The signature alone—unless
the writer is dead, and is very famous—select, for example,
Julius Caesar, Confucius, or Shakespeare—scarcely deserves
the trouble which many persons take to obtain it. Yet it is
this limited form to which the aspirations of the regular
autograph-hunter are usually directed. To show the remorse-
less greed of these creatures, let us cite a true anecdote. A
volume containing autograph letters written by Lord Nelson
to an old friend was (perhaps incautiously) lent. Upon its
return it was discovered that nearly every one of the great
commander's signatures had been cut out. The force of
barbarism could scarcely go further. An ingenious gentle-
man has lately communicated to the *Pall Mall Gazette* his
experiences in autograph-collecting. Considering how busy
most celebrities are, and how bored they are by applications
of all sorts, this autograph-hunter was very lucky. In the
majority of cases he received a satisfactory reply. He
grumbles, however, at Mr. Chamberlain, who proved an
"oreluid" customer, and was not to be "had." His secretary
encloses to all applicants of this class a printed notice, stating
that Mr. Chamberlain declines all requests for his auto-
graph. This is an improvement on the method adopted by
the Irish Liberator, who (perhaps waggishly conscious that
he was perpetrating a lovely bull) wrote to a correspondent,
"I never give autographs.—DANIEL O'CONNELL."LOCAL PATRIOTISM.—In his speech the other day,
delivered after the laying of the foundation of the new
Post Office at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain had a good
deal to say as to "the sentiment of local patriotism." Thanks
in no small degree to Mr. Chamberlain himself, this senti-
ment is remarkably strong in Birmingham, which during the
last thirty years has made extraordinary progress in material
civilisation. We may doubt, however, whether the feeling
is equally powerful in many other centres of provincial life.
It is certainly not powerful enough to prevent men of
unusual ability from flocking up to London, where they find
ample opportunities for the exercise of their talents. This
tendency is much to be regretted, for Mr. Chamberlain is
undoubtedly right in thinking that the greatness of a country
may be most fitly measured by the extent to which its intel-
lectual and moral wealth is diffused throughout the com-
munity as a whole. Fortunately, there are some influences
which may to some extent counteract the evil. Local
authorities are gradually obtaining a wider sense of their
duties, and in many towns and districts they are striving to
make the outward conditions of life, so far as those condi-
tions depend upon the efforts of Boards and Councils, more
attractive than they have hitherto been. Some provincial
towns, too, are securing for themselves popular institutions
which can hardly fail to foster the sentiment to which Mr.
Chamberlain attaches so much importance. University
colleges, good secondary and primary schools, museums,
picture galleries, and other institutions of a like kind ought
all to tend, and no doubt do tend, in this direction. In the
modern world local patriotism can never be so great a force
as it was in ancient Greece, or in the various countries of
Europe during the Middle Ages. Increased facilities of
locomotion would alone suffice to make this impossible. But
the feeling might be much more potent than it is at present,
and every one who helps to strengthen it does good service
not only to his own locality but to the nation.PAUPER CHILDREN.—From the reply given by Mr.
Ritchie on Monday to the deputation from a number of
benevolent associations it appears that there is at last a
chance of the State taking parental action on behalf of
pauper children. The Bill to be introduced this Session is
confined, however, to children already under the care
of Guardians, or else boarded out. In these cases the
justices will be empowered to order the detention of
such children, on good cause being shown, up to the age of
sixteen. During that period the parents would have no
control over them, and could not, therefore, train them to
evil courses. The deputation asked, however, for a great
deal more than this, their plan increasing the age of deten-
tion to eighteen years, and authorising the Guardians "to
emigrate, board-out, or otherwise dispose of" such children
at or before the completion of that term. Both schemes
have their merits; perhaps that of Mr. Ritchie would
be the better to begin with as a new departure
by reason of its more limited scope. But both have
the disadvantage that, unless very carefully and prudently
administered, they might easily produce worse evils
than those they are intended to cure. There are some
parents—many, it is to be feared—who would be only too
happy to get rid of their offspring, once for all, unless com-
pelled to pay for their maintenance. On this vital point,
neither Mr. Ritchie nor the memorial was sufficiently explicit.
A certain tariff, graduated according to age, should be fixed
for the parents to pay, under penalty of imprisonment for
default. Even if the sum was rather more than they could
well afford, any little suffering would only be a fitting punish-
ment for having brought their children to such a pass.



THE SPOT WHERE TRADITION SAYS THAT ST. PAUL WAS WRECKED, A MILE AND A HALF FROM THE PLACE WHERE THE "SULTAN" RAN AGROUND
(A) marks the gleam of yellow soft porous rock, which in the distance seems to be a beach of soft sand. (B) At the extremity of the small island rock is a portion of sea which may be said to be *dithalla-sos*—i.e., the sea ebbs and flows there. On this island itself is now a statue in honour of St. Paul, whilst five miles distant on the highest point in the island is the ancient cathedral raised on the traditional spot where Publius lived.



THE "SULTAN" ON THE ROCKS AT THE ENTRANCE TO COMINO CHANNEL
THE WRECK OF H.M.S. "SULTAN," OFF THE ISLAND OF COMINO, BETWEEN GOZO AND MALTA



THE AMERICAN BASE-BALL PLAYERS AT KENNINGTON OVAL

Mr. Kemp

Sir H. Dwyer Mr. L. W. Phillimore

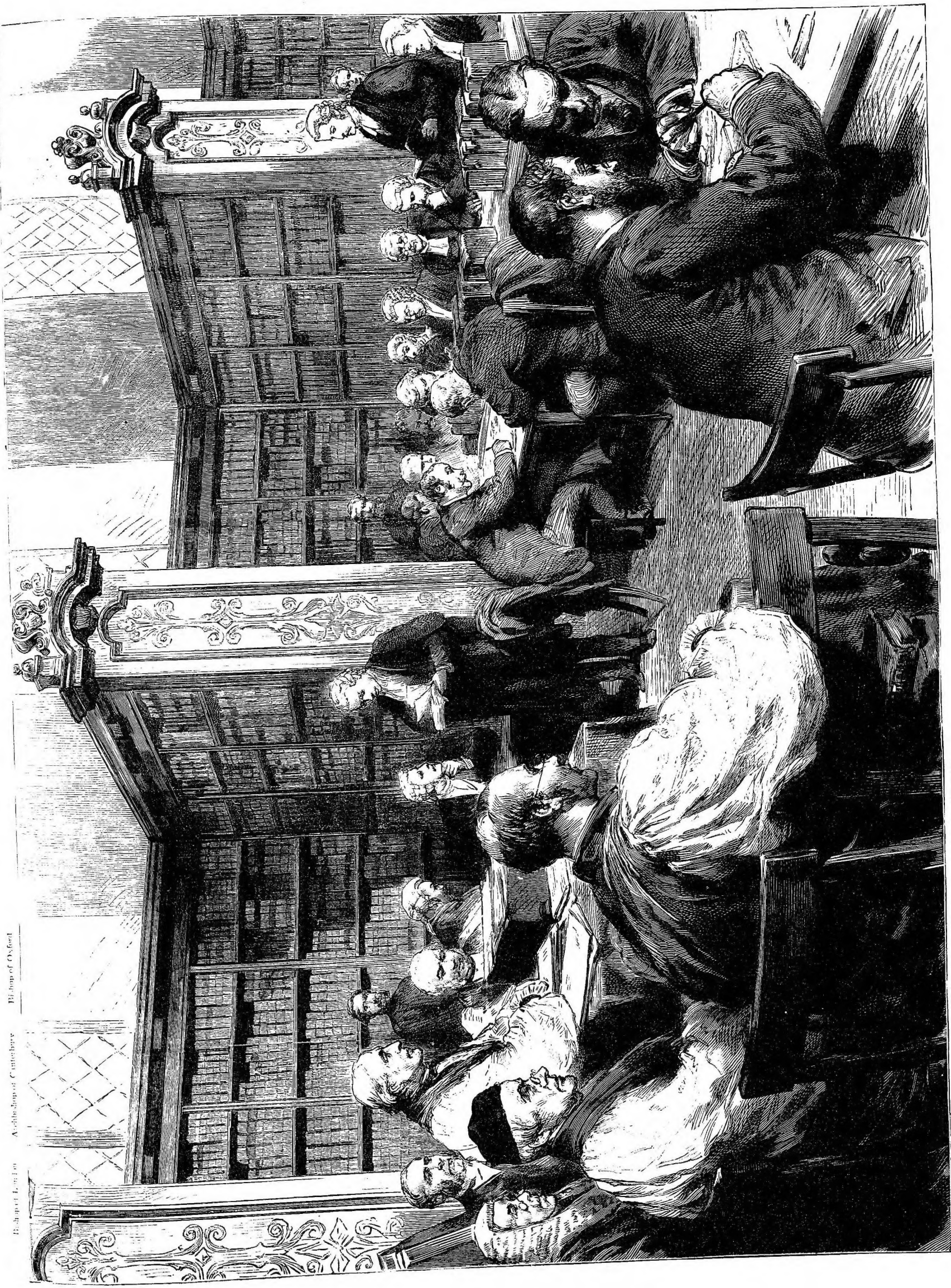
Dr. Tristram

Mr. Duckworth

Bishop of Oxford

Archbishop of Canterbury

Bishop of London



Bishop of Salisbury

Bishop of Winchester

Dr. Deane

THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN AT LAMBETH PALACE
SIR WALTER PHILLIMORE ADDRESSING THE COURT ON BEHALF OF THE BISHOP

member of a firm of accountants, who, by order of the Court, had been examining the books of the Hibernian Bank with reference to the Land League and other accounts which were kept there. After this Mr. Breen, who was Secretary of the Hibernian Bank for eleven years, gave similar evidence; and then Mr. Parnell was allowed to make a statement regarding his banking arrangements. Then Mr. Timothy J. Coffey, a newspaper reporter, entered the box, and in the course of his examination created quite a sensation by boldly stating that certain alleged facts which he had supplied to Mr. Shannon,

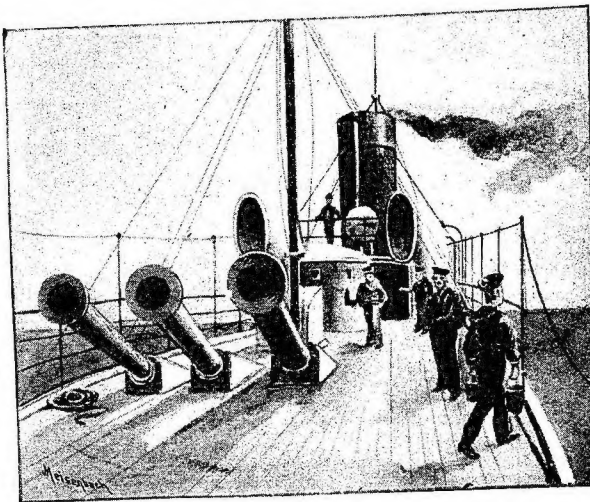
versary of that institution, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Métropole. The company, which numbered over 280, comprised numerous persons of distinction, most of whom were in some way or other identified with Colonial progress. Among them were the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Brassey, Lord Rosebery, Lord Knutsford, and Sir Charles Beresford, besides several ex-Governors, a strong body of Agents-General, and lastly, but not least, Sir Frederick Young, to whom more than any other man is due the fact that the Royal Colonial Institute is not only flourishing but fashionable. Of the Institute itself, the Prince of Wales, in one of the speeches which as President it was his duty to deliver, gave a clear and succinct account, which we trust may make its aims and objects known in quarters to which its fame has not penetrated hitherto.

OSMAN DIGNA'S ABANDONED CAMP AT HANDOUB

OSMAN DIGNA's camp at Handoub, whence he recently retreated to Tokar, was composed mainly of grass huts, and was about one and a-half miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, and must have been capable of containing from 12,000 to 16,000 people. Most of the huts were enclosed by grass fences in groups of from three to thirty huts. Many were made entirely of sleepers and rails taken from the old abolished Berber railway. No attempts seem to have been made at fortification. The bush was cleared for about a mile round the camp, though probably more for the purposes of fuel and thatching than for any military reason. Osman's own home was a very neat grass hut, and apparently he did not care about being disturbed by unwelcome visitors, as between his "salon" and his hut there was a regular fence made of wire entanglement through which there was only one entrance at the side. The best hut belonged to a nephew of the late Mahdi Mahomed Ahmed. It was beautifully built, and constructed almost entirely of wood, the sides alone being of very neat grass matting. These sketches were made by an officer during a cavalry reconnaissance on February 15th.

THE NEW AMERICAN DYNAMITE CRUISER

THIS vessel, which is styled a pneumatic dynamite gun cruiser, was built by Messrs. William Cramp and Sons for the United States Navy, and when officially tried in Delaware Bay attained a speed of 21-64 knots an hour, thereby eliciting the warm approval of Mr. W. C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy. She is declared to be the fastest vessel afloat. Her armament consists of three 15-inch pneumatic guns, capable of throwing shells charged with six hundred pounds of dynamite and explosive gelatine a distance of



FRONT VIEW OF THE DYNAMITE GUNS

two miles or more, dropping them either on board or close to the vessel which it is proposed to destroy. It is asserted that the explosion of one of these shells, exploded within a hundred feet of the most powerful war vessel, armoured or unarmoured, will reduce her to a wreck. The shells are of brass, cigar-shaped, and steered by a screw-wheel similar to the screw of a propeller, which is to serve the same purpose as the feathers upon an arrow. The length of the shell and steering apparatus is 10½ feet. Each gun can fire one shell every two minutes.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. T. Cresson Schell, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"IN A TEA GARDEN"

See page 314.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brentnall R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 309.

THE ARRIVAL OF MAILS IN A FLEET ON FOREIGN SERVICE

EVEN amidst the attractions and distractions of civilised ports the arrival of the home mails always excite great interest on board a British man-of-war; far more excitement, however, is created by such an event when a squadron is cruising in seas whose shores are, if not inhospitable, at least bare of all the resources of modern life. In such cases—as for instance our squadron in the China Seas—one of the vessels is despatched to bring the mail bags which have accumulated at the port of rendezvous. An anxious look-out is kept for her return, and when she is descried, and the welcome signal made "Send for letters," there is universal alacrity in despatching the boats, and yet more enthusiasm displayed by all in securing the particular bundle to which each is entitled.—Our sketches are by Staff-Paymaster C. W. Cole, R.N., and are sufficiently explained by their titles.



ALL through the week the Government in the House of Commons have been fighting for the necessities of national life. The close of the financial year is at hand, and every hour is precious in view of the work to be done before the end of next week. Supply, always a difficulty, has been more than usually embarrassing this year by reason of the postponed date of the meeting of Parliament. Something like three weeks was at the very outset lopped off the chances of the Financial Secretary in getting the various sections of Supply voted. With a moderately docile Opposition, it would be just as much as could be done; and, as any who run may read in the Parliamentary Reports, the Opposition of to-day is by no means docile.

When the House met on Monday, it was evident that there was trouble in store for Ministers. The Opposition Benches were

thronged with an excited and exuberant party; under the gallery, holding a sort of levée, sat Mr. Beauford, newly-elected Member for Kennington, outward and visible sign of the latest Gladstonian triumph at the polls. First "Pigott!" and then "Kennington!" Hon. gentlemen below the gangway could scarcely contain themselves for joy. By an odd accident, the triumphal entry of Mr. Beauford was deferred. It is a good old constitutional custom that a newly-elected member shall bring up to the table of the House of Commons and deliver to the Clerk a document, signed by the Returning Officer, certifying his return. His identity is answered for by two gentlemen who escort him to the table. The escort was ready, but the return to the writ was lacking, and as soon as questions were over, Sir William Harcourt, rising in his most impressive manner, and speaking in his sternest tones (just as if he were asking for Mr. Balfour's head on a charger), informed the Speaker of the non-arrival of the writ, and asked what was to be done? The Speaker pointed out that nothing could be done till the return to the writ was found. So Mr. Beauford had to retire whilst hue and cry was raised after the missing document, which was found snugly ensconced in a drawer at the Post Office, where it had lain since Saturday.

Throughout the week, proceedings in the House of Commons have not been lacking in liveliness and variety. But the Question Hour carries away the palm. There is no surer barometer of Parliamentary weather than the Question Hour. At rare intervals, when the Opposition are in low spirits and things are going pretty well with the Government, the Question Hour is resorted to reasonably, and passes off in humdrum fashion. But, as surely as some one in connection with the Government blunders, and the spirits of the Opposition rise, so surely does the Question Hour lengthen out, and bristle with accusations and innuendos. Just now, what is nominally "the Question Hour" runs perilously near a hundred and twenty minutes, and is rarely limited within the space of an hour and a-half. The list of printed questions is sufficiently long, seldom falling below three-score. But that is only the fulcrum on which the Irish Members, assisted by Right Hon. friends on the Front Bench, work the lever of interrogation. A printed question is the bountiful mother of many put *à la volée*. Members called upon in turn by the Speaker put their question; the Minister, generally reading from manuscript, delivers a more or less full answer; and there it might be supposed the business would conclude. But it is only commencing. Up jumps an Irish member—sometimes Mr. Healy, still oftener Mr. Sexton—who puts another question. The Minister replies again, and two or three members hotly spring up from below the gangway, peppering away with questions, the rear not infrequently being brought up by the ponderous figure of Sir William Harcourt. This goes on till the patience of the Speaker is exhausted, and in sharp, peremptory tones he calls on the member whose name stands next on the printed list. But in the mean time five or ten minutes have been wasted, and temper ruffled on both sides.

It is the Parnell Commission which still supplies the Opposition with material for interrogation. Every night Mr. Balfour and Mr. Matthews are subjected to severe cross-examination. It is a trying ordeal, amid the agonies of which the Home Secretary occasionally stumbles, Mr. Balfour for the most part coming out unscathed. Still, from time to time, the cross-examining counsel extract little bits of information which they avowedly store up for future use. The letter written to the *Times* by Dr. Barr will serve as an illustration of the kind of thing that takes place night after night. Dr. Barr has official connection with the Irish prisons, and his name first came to the front in connection with the late Mr. Mandeville. A short time ago it occurred to him to join in the controversy on the treatment of Irish prisoners, and he wrote a letter in which he frankly stated his own views. Immediately on the appearance of this letter in print, the Home Secretary's attention was called to it. He admitted that it was a breach of etiquette on the part of an officer of the Government to write such a letter, and stated that he had called Dr. Barr's attention to the rule, and warned him not to offend again. This was pretty well, but there was something better to follow. The Irish members, by some means or other, got to know that Mr. Balfour had been consulted by Dr. Barr before the letter was sent to the *Times* office. On Monday night the Chief Secretary was put on the rack, and confessed that he had seen the letter, as he said, "on its way to the press." Mr. Healy's quick ear caught this phrase, and when the examination in chief question, pleted he swooped down on Mr. Balfour with the quick question, "What did you do with the letter after you had read it?" "I sent it to the *Times*," Mr. Balfour simply answered, and a wild whoop of exultation went up from below the gangway at this admission by the Chief Secretary of complicity in the action for which the Home Secretary had reprimanded the principal culprit.

This is more or less entertaining; but it is not business, and does not help along the Supplementary Estimates. On Tuesday Mr. Smith came down with a sweeping demand for all the time—morning, noon, and night—through which the House might sit. Not only the Twelve o'Clock Rule was swept aside, but the sacred limits which fence in Wednesdays were broken down, and it was arranged that the House, meeting at noon, might sit till any hour of the night. This proposition came on at a morning sitting, originally secured with the object of making progress with Supply. But the first four hours of a sitting necessarily limited to five were occupied with discussing the new proposals for getting on with business. Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen urged the absolute necessity of completing not only the Supplementary Estimates but the Vote on Account by Thursday night. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Childers conceded the Supplementary Estimates, but denied that there was any necessity known to the law for passing the Vote on Account by the time named. In ordinary circumstances the four hours occupied with this discussion would have served to pass the Vote on Account. As it was, it was appropriated for this wrangle, and it was not till the evening sitting was far advanced that the Supplementary Estimates were reached.

The House sat till nearly four o'clock on Wednesday morning, meeting again at noon. The Standing Order being suspended, which fixes the rising of the House at six, the talk might have been kept going all night; but by six o'clock the debate suddenly collapsed, and the House adjourned in good time for dinner. The Vote on Account was reached on Wednesday, and, throughout the afternoon, discussion was confined to the alleged *laches* of the Chief Secretary and the Home Secretary, in respect of the coming and goings of the Police. On Thursday, it was the Attorney-General's turn, all the charges hinted at in questions extending over the last three weeks being enlarged upon.



POLITICAL.—The Prime Minister spoke twice on Tuesday at Watford, where he opened a new Conservative and Constitutional Club. In the second speech he replied to the principal charges brought of late against the Government in connection with their Irish policy. He gave an emphatic denial to the statement that it was the Government who selected the Pigott-letters as the test upon which the merits of the Irish leaders should be judged. On the



MR. O'KELLY, M.P., IN COURT

were merely the effusion of a fertile imagination. As, besides this, Mr. Coffey was very flippant, he was ultimately committed for contempt of Court.

On the 13th evidence concerning the Fenian organisation was given by John Leavy, who is now a manufacturer of lawn-tennis strings at Deptford, but twenty years ago was a member of the Fenian organisation. He was sharply cross-examined by Messrs. Davitt and Biggar. To Leavy followed George Mulqueeney, a clerk in the Victoria Docks, who had formerly belonged to various Irish organisations, and had been acquainted with such noteworthy personages as Frank Byrne, P. J. Tynan, &c.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

THIS picture is in the Stuart Exhibition, to which it has been lent by the Trustees of Blair's College, Aberdeen. This painting and its neighbours, which are almost identical, are called "Memorial" pictures, and belong to a class of portraits which seem to have been designed to commemorate the Queen's death. The Queen is represented holding a crucifix in the right hand, and a book bound in white in her left. Her dress is black, trimmed with dark fur, a large ruff is about the neck, a white cap covers the brown hair, and a long white cloak hangs from the shoulder to the ground behind the figure. In the left hand corner is the Royal Scottish escutcheon, fully emblazoned, and beneath is the representation of the execution of the Queen, who, the catalogue tells us, is shown "blinded with a white handkerchief, and kneeling with her head on the block; her shoulders are bare; she wears a red bodice and black skirt; her neck is bleeding from a blow of the axe, with which the executioner, standing at her side, is about to strike again; he wears a white apron. These persons are on the scaffold, which is draped in black; two guards with halberds stand behind the scaffold; two gentlemen, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with white rods in their hands, and a third are at this part of the scene. At the other end of the scaffold a gentleman is writing in a notebook; near him are four other gentlemen, two of whom appear in great distress." Behind the large figure of the Queen are two small figures of women, Jane Kennethie and Elizabeth Curle, who are dressed in black, with white ruffs, and are conversing and lamenting the fate of their mistress. The Latin inscriptions refer to Mary's fate in terms denunciatory of the perfidy of Elizabeth and the cruelty of the English Parliament.

DACOITY IN BURMA

OUR illustration is from a photograph by Major Parrott, Deputy-Commissioner, Kyaukse, Upper Burma, and represents the surrender of Myob Hmone—a dacoit "boh" or chief, who has given a great deal of trouble to our authorities ever since we entered Upper Burma. His operations, however, have been confined to the district of Meiktila. He surrendered on December 20th with about thirty-five followers to M. Tsan Hlapru, sub-divisional officer of Myitha. He presented a somewhat amusing appearance with the top hat and every day costume of Western civilisation.

ROOM WHERE DR. TANNER WAS CONFINED

AS it was reported that an attempt would be made to arrest Dr. Tanner as he left the House of Commons on March 1st, a body of Radical and Irish M.P.'s massed themselves round him and marched to the Westminster Palace Hotel, singing "God Save Ireland." There Dr. Tanner made a little speech, in which he eulogised Mr. Gladstone as "the grandest living Englishman." He then entered the hotel, and was presently arrested by two detectives in the smoking-room for a speech which he delivered at Tipperary on October 17th. He was at once removed to Scotland Yard, and was placed in the Chief Inspector's room in the Criminal Investigation Department at Whitehall Place. No bed was provided for him, but he was supplied with plenty of whisky and cigars, until it was time for him to take the early train for Holyhead, *en route* for Ireland.

AN ICE CARNIVAL

ON March 14th, 15th, and 16th a very pretty *fête*, styled the International Ice Carnival, was given at the Albert Hall in aid of the funds of the West End Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy. The Hall was crowded with visitors, the stalls were gaily decked with the flags of all nations, and enclosed in a panorama of wintry pictures. Artificial snow hung in thick masses on the roofs of the dainty cabins which constituted the stalls, and many of the ladies in charge were charmingly dressed in fancy costumes. There was an abundance of music, recitations, ventriloquism, and the inevitable phonograph. In the conservatory winter sports and pastimes were carried on, such as skating, sleighing, and snow-shoe racing, the snow being in this case composed of sawdust. The Carnival was inaugurated by Princess Mary of Teck, and many ladies of distinction presided at the stalls.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

ON the evening of March 13th, the Prince of Wales, who for eleven years has been President of the Royal Colonial Institute, took the chair at a banquet held to commemorate the twenty-first anni-

LIFE IN THE CHINESE TREATY PORTS is not altogether peaceful for foreigners even now, as the recent riot at Chinkiang showed. The foreign community carried on extensive business, and appeared perfectly safe, even though numbers of disbanded soldiers hung about the native city with little to do. However, a misunderstanding between a Chinaman and a Sikh policeman on the foreign Concession caused a street-row early in February, the crowd grew infuriated, and an attack was made on the police station, whose inmates fled for their lives. Then the mob attacked neighbouring foreign houses and offices and set fire to the British Consulate, the Consul with his family escaping by a back door. His wife fled barefoot, not having time to put on her shoes. The other foreign residents followed suit, some seventy-five in all, with no chance of saving any property, and managed to get on board the hulk *Cadiz* in the harbour, whilst the mob sacked various European chapels, clubs, &c. The Chinese tried to board the hulk, but were beaten off, and the refugees were subsequently transferred to a mail steamer which arrived in the nick of time. The Chinese authorities did little to allay the riot, the chief officials were away on a holiday, while the small force of soldiery sent to the Concession to keep order either ran away or fraternised with the rioters. A British gunboat was summoned from Shanghai, but did not arrive very quickly. Happily only one foreigner was injured, though another is reported missing.



Timothy F. Coffey, an Irish newspaper reporter, who repudiated the statement he had made to Mr. Shannon, the "Times" agent in Dublin. Sir H. James: "Were all the members equal on the branches of the League, then?"—"We were all equal. One man had as much right to express his opinions as another, perhaps a better right than another" (Laughter)



Mr. B.W. Hardcastle, of the firm of Messrs. Spence Brothers and Co., London Accountants, who examined the accounts of the National League in the books of the Hibernian Bank



Mr. J. G. Biggar cross-examining James Leavy: "I swear that you left the apartment where the Supreme Council was sitting, and that you met me when I left the apartment, and said that you would give me £100 if I would get the resolution expelling the M.P.'s rescinded"—"Your evidence on this point is false?"—"No, I swear positively that the words I use are true"



James Leavy, a manufacturer of whip, racquet, and lawn tennis strings at Deptford. He represented Leinster on the Supreme Council of the Fenian Brotherhood for more than three years, and resigned because his life was threatened by James Carey



Mr. Parnell, rising in the well of the Court: "I have no other account, my Lord, in the nature of a banking account. I hold some bonds in Paris, jointly with Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Biggar, but that is not in the nature of a banking account." Mr. Parnell, having burnt his left hand, carried it in a sling



Dominick J. O'Connor, who gave evidence as to the part taken by P. J. Sheridan in the organisation of the Fenian Brotherhood



The President commits Coffey to prison for Contempt of Court: "You have avowed that you have told a long tissue of lies for the express purpose of deceiving the person to whom you gave your statement, and of causing you to be brought here as a witness in order that you might then tell what you call the truth. That was a most insolent interference with the course of justice. It was foisting yourself upon the Court, and taking up the time of the Court for the purpose only of befooling those who had taken your evidence; and in coming here with that intention, and taking up the time of the Court in that manner, we have no doubt that you have been guilty of contempt, and I accordingly commit you to prison"



George Mulqueeney, a clerk at the Victoria Docks, who swore that F. Byrne, shortly before the Phoenix Park murders, showed him, at the offices of the National League, Palace Chambers, a parcel of surgical knives

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE STUART EXHIBITION LENT BY THE TRUSTEES OF BLAIR'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN

This portrait is one of the several memorial pictures designed to commemorate the death of the Queen. On the left is the Royal Scottish escutcheon fully emblazoned; beneath is a representation of the execution of the Queen at Fotheringy Castle; and behind the figure of the Queen on the right are shown Jane Kennethie and Elizabeth Curle, lamenting the fate of their mistress.



IN FRANCE General Boulanger has put forth another manifesto in the form of a speech at a banquet given in his honour at Tours. His utterances are more practical and less enigmatical than heretofore; but, while denouncing his enemies with much force and logic, he still gives no notion of the manner in which he proposes to construct his idealistic and Utopian Republic wherein men of all shades of politics are to be content to dwell in a régime of universal liberty and toleration. This last word, indeed, formed the chief text of his speech, as, with that facility which he has always shown for finding the weak points in his adversaries' armour, he dwelt upon the intolerance of the present and past Cabinets, both in political and religious matters; and then pronounced the aim of the National Republican Party, "which has done me the honour of choosing me as its chief," to be the formation of a Republic "respectful of individual liberty in all its forms, and especially of liberty of conscience, which is the chief and most to be respected of all liberties." He vigorously repudiated the accusation that he coveted a dictatorship, and was equally energetic in denying that in any form he was the tool of the Imperialist and Monarchist parties—"the chief who is to lead those parties on to the storming and destruction of the Republic." He spoke, too, in no unmeasured terms to those Imperialists and Royalists, "who take their places under my banner while declaring that they employ me as a catapult, that I am the battering-ram with which they open a breach with the idea that when once the breach is made the citadel—that is to say, the Republic—will be taken by assault." "I am certain that they are deceiving themselves," he continued, and then expressed his firm opinion that from the appeal to the country for which they were labouring in common, though with a different end in view, "the Republic will come forth triumphant with an overwhelming majority." "Universal suffrage is completely hostile to the oppressive Parliamentary party which is in power; but if it desires to get rid of good of this coterie, it wishes no less energetically to preserve the Republican form." This is the plainest speaking which the General has as yet vouchsafed, and will do much to gain him further adherents from those Republicans who are discontented with the present régime and yet mistrustful of the General's devotion to the Republic itself. On the other hand, it will not alienate the votes of the Conservatives, who feel that they risk nothing but may gain much by overthrowing the present Parliament—especially as General Boulanger declares that his Republic, like that of M. Thiers, is to be free and open to all parties.

M. Tirard's Cabinet, however, is determined not to die without a struggle, and, after much stormy opposition, obtained Parliamentary leave to prosecute the chiefs of the League of Patriots for having organised an unauthorised political association, and summoned MM. Laguerre, Turquet, Laisant, Naquet, and Galliaud before M. Athalin, the Examining Magistrate, on Tuesday. The accused declined to reply to any questions, but declared that they would explain themselves "before the Judges of the Police-court in presence of the country and public opinion." Numerous schemes are being put forward to thwart General Boulanger and his plans, amongst others, the Cabinet has accepted a proposal that the whole Chamber should not be quadrennially elected at once, but that half the Deputies should retire every three years." In PARIS, all have been absorbed in the financial crisis. The situation of the Comptoir d'Escompte seems to have been more serious than had been apprehended, and though it was at first proposed that a further sum of 1,600,000*fr.* should be raised by the leading financiers, to enable the Company to meet its liabilities, it has been thought advisable to adopt a scheme for the reconstruction of the Institution—with that sum as the capital, and under the name of the Comptoir National d'Escompte. In some circles the advance to the company by the Bank of France of 4,000,000*fr.* is condemned as excessive, and M. Pillot, one of the Bank directors who opposed the loan, has resigned. Admiral Jaurès, the Minister of Marine, died suddenly last week, and was buried at the Invalides, with full military honours on Monday. He has been succeeded by Admiral Krantz. Another noteworthy death has been that of M. Edmond Scherer, one of the founders of the *Temps*. There have been several theatrical novelties, of which the most important is a three-act comedy at the Gymnase, by MM. Sardou and Deslandes, entitled *Belle Maman*.

IN GERMANY much surprise has been caused by the suppression on Sunday of the well-known *Volkszeitung* for publishing an article eulogising the events of March 18th, 1848. This high-handed act was the work of Baron Richthofen, the President of Police, and it is generally thought that his order will be rescinded by the Committee which will hear the editor's appeal, and which is composed of four members of the Federal Council and five Judges. Colonial affairs still excite deep interest, and first and foremost those in East Africa, where Captain Wissmann's preparations for his expedition are eagerly watched. That officer left Cairo on Monday for Aden, where he will enlist a number of Somalis. At Cairo he secured three companies of Soudanese, each 125 strong, with the necessary contingent of subordinate officers—all men who have already served in the Egyptian army. From the West Coast the German Syndicates in Damaraland report that gold is found in payable quantities from the Zwaartkop River to Cuneni, a distance of 800 miles. As Mr. Lewis seems determined to uphold his authority in the country they decline at present to disclose the whereabouts of these reefs, and have abandoned all workings until the German Government has decided what policy to adopt with regard to the future of the district.

IN SERBIA ex-King Milan has gone for his holiday, and the Regents are doing their best to consolidate their authority and government. On Monday there was a solemn service in the Cathedral in honour of King Alexander's accession, but very little enthusiasm appears to have been displayed, though the streets were beflagged by day and illuminated in the evening. The Government question of the hour is whether or no Queen Nathalie should be permitted to return. At present it is most likely that she will remain at Odessa, as the Regents by no means want her at Belgrade, and it is stated that the Czar has requested her to do so, and that the young King has written to her to the same effect. It is also reported that the Czar has asked young King Alexander to visit him during his stay in the Crimea—whither his mother would accompany him. To return to ex-King Milan, after taking official leave of the Diplomatic body, he left Belgrade unostentatiously on Monday, and on Tuesday was received and dined by the Emperor of Austria at Buda Pest; whence on Wednesday he proceeded to Vienna, travelling under the name of Count Takovo. He is to return to Belgrade in a few days, and will then pay a visit of some weeks to Constantinople.

IN RUSSIA the new régime in Serbia is favourably commented upon by the majority of the journals, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg* terms it "a fresh guarantee of general order and peace," and congratulates Germany and Austria upon the calmness with which they accept the situation. The Atchinoff Expedition has now returned to Russia, and most of the members were landed on Saturday at

Odessa, where, after a judicial examination, they were to be sent to their homes. Captain Atchinoff himself was taken to Sebastopol, where he is detained on board a man-of-war. The Archimandrite Paissi and the other priests have been liberated. The professed anxiety of the Russian Press regarding the warlike intentions of the Ameer of Afghanistan have been suddenly calmed by the announcement that Abdurrahman has publicly repelled the accusations of any hostile intentions, and that he is actually on his way back to Cabul. The new theme of interest just now is Persia, whose Government has been asked to conclude a Treaty with Russia giving the latter the exclusive right of navigating all rivers flowing into the Caspian, and of constructing railways in Persian territory.

IN INDIA the Budget is to be brought forward on Wednesday, but the discussion will not take place until two days later, so as to give the general public time to make any cogent criticism on the proposals. There is little other news of importance, save that a small punitive force has been ordered to advance from the Langleh camp to avenge Lieutenant Stewart's murder. That unfortunate officer's head was given by Honsata to a neighbouring chief, and his gun was buried in Honsata's tomb.

From BURMA the news is as unsatisfactory as ever. Renewed disturbances are reported from near Bhamo. Insurgents, though defeated by our troops, have not dispersed; the Mogooing column has destroyed twenty Lepu Kachyen villages, and only four more remain, which the troops are about to attack, after which the operations will be directed against the Khu tribe to the south of the Chin force under Brigadier General Faunce Mogooing. The Chin force under Brigadier General Faunce Mogooing gained a victory near Kohlaing on the 8th inst.—the Chins being driven from three stockades. The Tashon tribesmen, although they have received a severe lesson, and have been taught that their mountains will not shelter them, still remain defiant, and harbour the Shwaygyobin Prince with a considerable following. Captain Raikes, the political officer, however, has received overtures for peace with presents from two other Chin tribes. Still, notwithstanding the constant submission of tribal chieftains, and the victories of our troops, we do not appear to get on any further with the pacification of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—IN ITALY the new Ministry has made its Parliamentary *début*, and has announced that an Italian Protectorate has been established over the Sultanate of Opbia (East Africa) in response to the request of the Sultan. Signor Crispi declared that the Protectorate would cost Italy neither a centime nor a soldier—rather a bold prophecy, all things considered. The Pope is stated to be again in bad health, and to be suffering from a recurrence of his fainting fits.—We are having a little difficulty with MOROCCO, and the Channel Squadron has gone to Tangiers to support the demands of the British Minister with regard to various matters, but chiefly concerning the cable between Tangiers and Gibraltar, the repair and re-establishment of which are opposed by the Moors. It is stated that the Fleet will not leave until Sultan Muley el Hassan has deigned to reply.—IN HOLLAND the King remains in a moribund condition, though the doctors do not apprehend the end immediately. There is a general feeling that a Regency should now be appointed.—IN HUNGARY the angry scenes in the Diet continue, and the opponents of M. Tisza carried their system of abuse to such an extent that at last Count Stefan Karyoli intervened, and stated that, though politically opposed to the Premier, he moved that the House should emphatically repel these calumnies. Loud cheering greeted this request, which there was no need to carry into effect, as M. Tisza at once declared himself satisfied. At the conclusion of the sitting, one of the Liberal Deputies was grossly insulted by a student, and, drawing a revolver, shot the lad in the leg. The wound was not serious, but the affair has still further heightened the general excitement.—IN SWITZERLAND, owing to an accidental explosion, a secret manufactory of incendiary bombs has been discovered at Zurich, where several Russian students have been arrested.—IN the SOUDAN the Khalifa is said to have been defeated at Sennar by Wad-el-Senussi, two of the Khalifa's noted leaders, Abou Angar and Muhammed Goomar, being killed.—IN the UNITED STATES, President Harrison has determined to send Mr. Whitelaw Reid as Ambassador to Paris, and not to London, as he wants a skilled lawyer to conduct the Fishery and other delicate questions with the English Government.



THE Royal party at Biarritz enjoy fairly good weather, and make daily excursions round the neighbourhood. In the morning the Queen usually rides in her donkey-chair about the grounds of the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld, Princess Beatrice walking by her side, while in the afternoon Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess Frederica of Hanover, drives to one of the neighbouring towns. Bayonne is frequently visited, as well as St. Jean de Luz. In the evening Princess Frederica often joins the Royal party at dinner, and Lord and Lady Lytton, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Austin Lee, and Mr. Bellairs, the British Vice-Consul, have been the other guests. The Queen also received the Marquis de Casa Irujo, bringing an invitation from the Queen Regent of Spain for a meeting at San Sebastian, and Her Majesty sent back an autograph letter of acceptance. The meeting is now fixed for Wednesday next in the Villa Ayete, at San Sebastian, where Queen Christina stayed last summer. Queen Victoria will leave Biarritz at noon, and change at the frontier town, Irun, into the Spanish Royal train. Princess Beatrice and Sir Clare Ford, the British Minister at Madrid, accompany Her Majesty, who will be received at the Villa by Queen Christina, with her Premier and Foreign Minister. The Sovereigns will lunch together, Queen Victoria returning to Biarritz by the evening. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service in the Pavillon, where the Rev. G. E. Broade officiated. Her Majesty leaves Biarritz at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 2nd, and will arrive at Windsor the following evening about eight o'clock.—It is stated that the German Emperor will come to England in July to see the Queen.

The Prince of Wales has been in Yorkshire this week. Before leaving town, the Prince on Friday held a Levée on behalf of the Queen, and on Saturday visited the Exhibition of Old Masters and of the late Mr. Frank Holl's works at Burlington House, and in the evening accompanied the Princess and their daughters to the Princess's Theatre. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince left for York to stay with Prince Albert Victor, and in the evening messed with his son and the officers of the regiment. On Tuesday he inspected the 10th Hussars, of which he is Honorary Colonel, and lunched in the barracks. On Wednesday the Prince was present at the Regimental Point to Point Steeplechases, and on Thursday returned to town. Last (Friday) night the Prince was expected to attend Mr. Muybridge's lecture at the Royal Institution on "Animal Locomotion," while next Monday the Prince and Princess will open the new headquarters of the 20th Middlesex Volunteers, at Duke Street, Euston Road, being also present at the subsequent dramatic and musical entertainment.



"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."—So little is known in England of the higher class of American music, that the production of Mr. Dudley Buck's cantata, *The Light of Asia*, by Messrs. Novello's Choir on Tuesday, was a genuine event. Mr. Buck was a fellow-student of Sir Arthur Sullivan's at Leipsic, and for the past quarter of a century he has been considered one of the foremost musicians in the United States. *The Light of Asia* is based upon Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, although some of the lyrics are borrowed from the same author's "Indian Song of Songs." The poem is of course very much compressed. In the prologue are described the birth of the Prince and his education, the speech of the King, and the advice given by his ministers that the Prince should marry. All this is followed by the procession of Indian maidens, candidates for the Prince's hand, his affectionate recognition of young Yasodhara, and the wedding. The prologue likewise includes some of the best music of the work, such as the fugal opening chorus, the pretty spring song, the march and three-part processional chorus of Indian girls, and the first love duet. Leading motifs are used to a certain extent—that associated with the god Buddha eventually becoming more or less obstreperous. The second part of the cantata is entitled the "Renunciation," and it opens with the scene between the Prince and the Devas. Very beautiful also is the seven-part chorus, "Softly the Indian night," in which the company of Indian girls sleeping in the Pleasure House are described as "lulled into pleasant dreams," and the love duet and tenor solo, in which the Prince announces his departure on his mission. The leave-taking, itself, is graphically described in a somewhat developed chorus, more or less fugue in character. The Prince wanders six long years, and at last we arrive at the dramatic scene of "Temptation," which is almost entirely choral, save that it is broken once or twice by brief solos. To the chorus of "Voices of Earth and Air" succeed the description of "the fiends who war with wisdom and light," the temptation of beauty, and so forth, until finally the Prince triumphs. There is some remarkably fine writing in this extended scene, which affords the composer opportunities for very effective contrasts. The third part, entitled the "Return," opens with a soprano solo for the heroine, and chorus in which the merchants announce the home-coming of the Prince. The best number of this portion is, however, the bass solo of the King, and the whole ends with a majestic epilogue. The cantata was received somewhat coldly by the audience; but some of the choruses, and the two love duets, were loudly applauded. The performance was in almost every respect a good one, on the part not only of Madame Nordica, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, who sang the chief parts, but also of Messrs. Novello's Choir, who had at rehearsals taken great pains with music which was of course previously totally unfamiliar to them.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. Cowen will not have returned to London until the latter part of this week, and the first concert at the Philharmonic was accordingly directed by Dr. Mackenzie. It is necessary only to record a splendid performance of Beethoven's Symphony in B flat by the Philharmonic Orchestra, which is now undoubtedly the finest in London. Miss Geisler-Schubert, on the other hand, was apparently suffering from stage fright, and did herself scant justice in Schumann's pianoforte concerto. The success of the evening was gained by Grieg, who conducted his *Peer Gynt* suite with such amazing spirit, that the audience tried to enquire too movements, and after four recalls succeeded in having the dance of imps repeated. The suite, by the way, it now appears is a portion of some of the incidental music to Ibsen's drama of the name. *Gynt* is a wild lad who, despite the good advice of his mother, plays all sorts of tricks, among other things carrying off a bride, and wandering in the desert, where he meets Anitra, daughter of a Bedouin chief. The four movements of the suite are typical severally of day-break, the death of the hero's mother (one of the most pathetic things Grieg has written), Anitra's dance, and the imps' revel afore-said. Madame Grieg again charmed her audience by her singing of several of her husband's songs.

TAMBERLIK.—The great tenor Tamberlik, whose demise was prematurely announced in 1883, died on Wednesday last week in Paris, where for the past few months he has been living with his daughter, who is married to an eminent oculist. Tamberlik was born in 1820, and after achieving great success in Italy and Portugal, he came here in 1850, taking part in every opera season at Covent Garden until 1864. Since then he has revisited us twice, once in 1870, and, lastly, in 1877. He had a very powerful tenor voice, which he did not use with much discretion, and, moreover, he was sorely afflicted with the vibrato. Tamberlik had, however, a fine stage presence, and was a magnificent actor, being especially popular in robust tenor parts. In more tender characters he failed, and his impersonation of Faust on its production at Covent Garden was severely criticised.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The programme of the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday included Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony, two of Dvorák's *Gipsy Songs*, sung by Mr. Lloyd, and Raff's violoncello concerto in D minor. The last-named work was performed by M. Gillet, who succeeded no better than Signor Piatti had done in the same composition thirteen years before.—At the Saturday Popular Concerts Miss Janotha, Dr. Joachim, and Signor Piatti gave a worthy rendering of Schumann's pianoforte trio in F. The lady also played the *Pastoral* sonata, which she sarcastically preluded with an impromptu variation on "Auld Lang Syne," and followed by Beethoven's variations on "God Save the Queen."—On Monday Dr. Joachim played at the Popular Concerts Tartini's *Trillo del Dr. Nicolò* and joined Madame de Pachmann in Schumann's always popular sonata in A minor. Madame de Pachmann played three of Chopin's pianoforte *Etudes*, and for an encore Henselt's poetic little sketch, "Si oiseau j'étais." Mr. Santley sang for the last time but one at these concerts before his departure for Australia.—Concerts in celebration of St. Patrick's Day have been given at the St. James's and Albert Halls. At the latter Mr. Sims Reeves, who has now entirely recovered, took part.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. and Mrs. Greig, Mr. R. Goldbeck, Miss Wild, and many others.—On Monday Mr. Jerome Hopkins produced, at Prince's Hall, his nursery opera, *Toffe and Old Bunch*, a simple but clever little work, which ought to please the children.

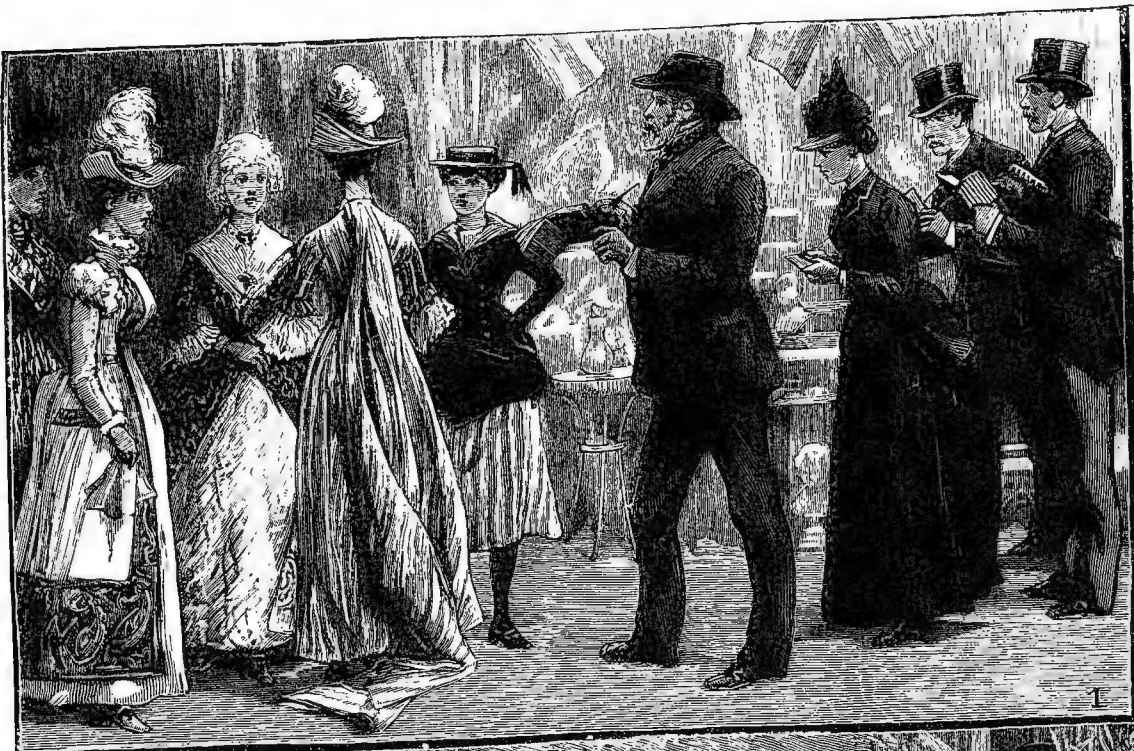
NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Albani has arranged a longer American tour than she at first proposed, and she will visit San Francisco before her return.—Mr. Santley will sail for Australia on April 5th, and will not be back till October.—Lortzing's *Hans Sachs* is to be mounted at the Town Theatre, Bayreuth, in comical opposition to *Die Meistersinger* at the Wagner Theatre. Lortzing's opera bouffe was written in 1840 for the fourth centenary of the invention of printing.—Miss Eames, a young American, has achieved an extraordinary success in Paris in the part of Juliette in the *Romeo* of M. Jean de Reszké. She is of American parentage, though born at Shanghai, and is said to be one of the prettiest women on the French stage.—Sir Arthur Sullivan is at present holiday-making at Monte Carlo.—Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn has been purchased by some lovers of music for a Beethoven Museum. It has been for some years used for a *café* and variety entertainment.



THE DACOIT CHIEF MYOB HMONE WITH SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS
Who have recently surrendered in Upper Burma



THE TREATMENT OF IRISH M.P.'S UNDER THE CRIMES ACT
The Chief Inspector's Room at the Criminal Investigation Department, Whitehall Place, where Dr. Tanner and other Irish M.P.'s have passed the night before being removed to Holyhead by the early Mail Train

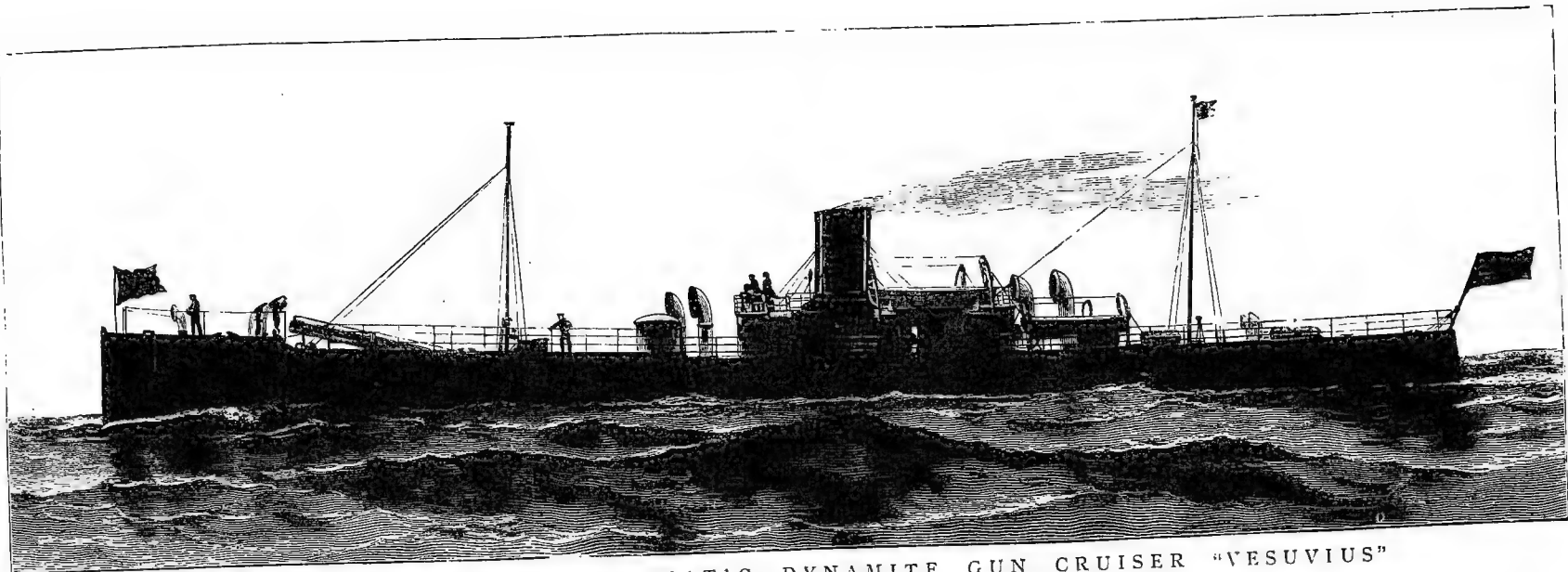


1. A Sketch of the Skaters and the Sketched

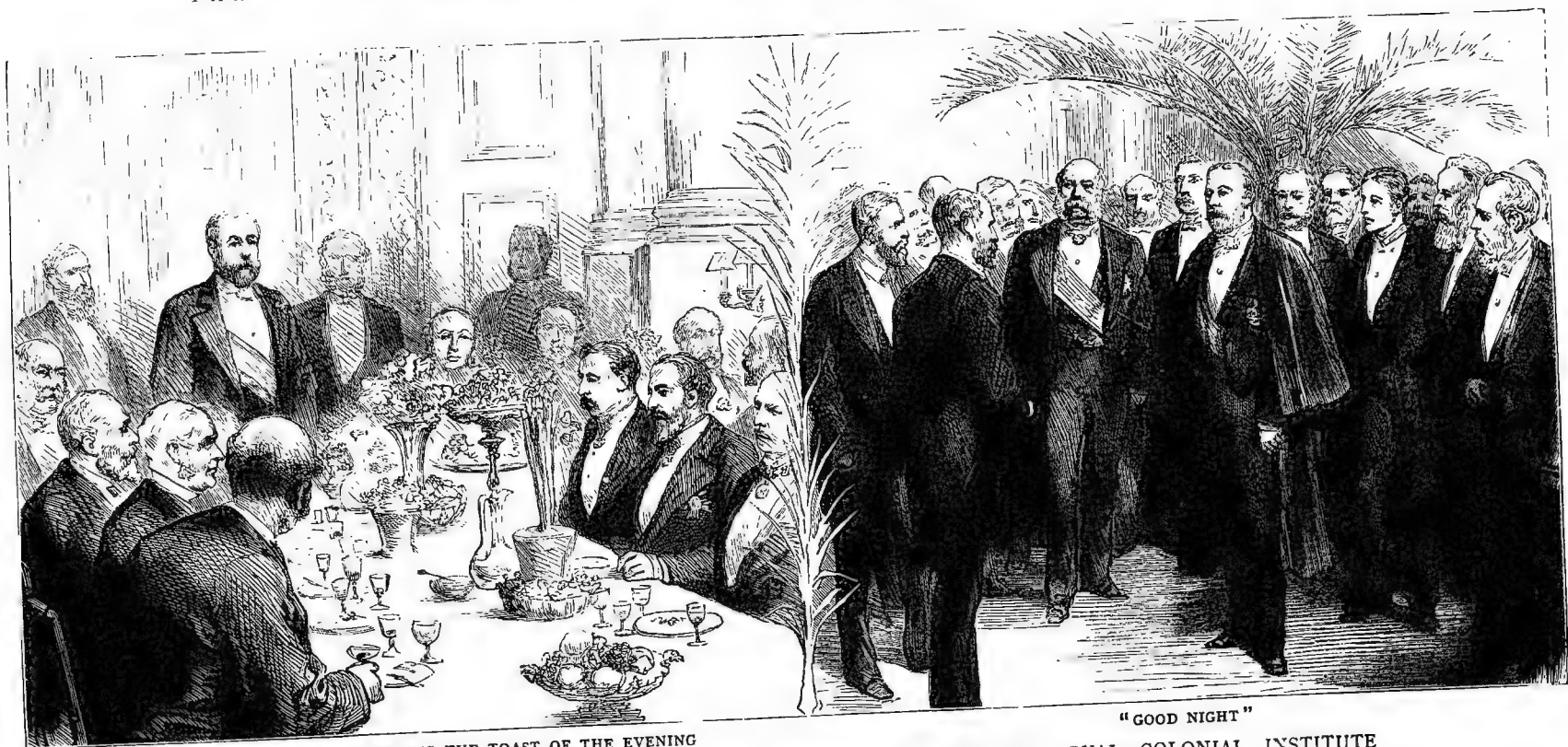
2. Children's Snow Shoe Race

3. Snow Shoe Race over Hurdles

THE "ICE CARNIVAL" AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL
IN AID OF THE WEST END HOSPITAL, WELBECK STREET



THE UNITED STATES PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE GUN CRUISER "VESUVIUS"

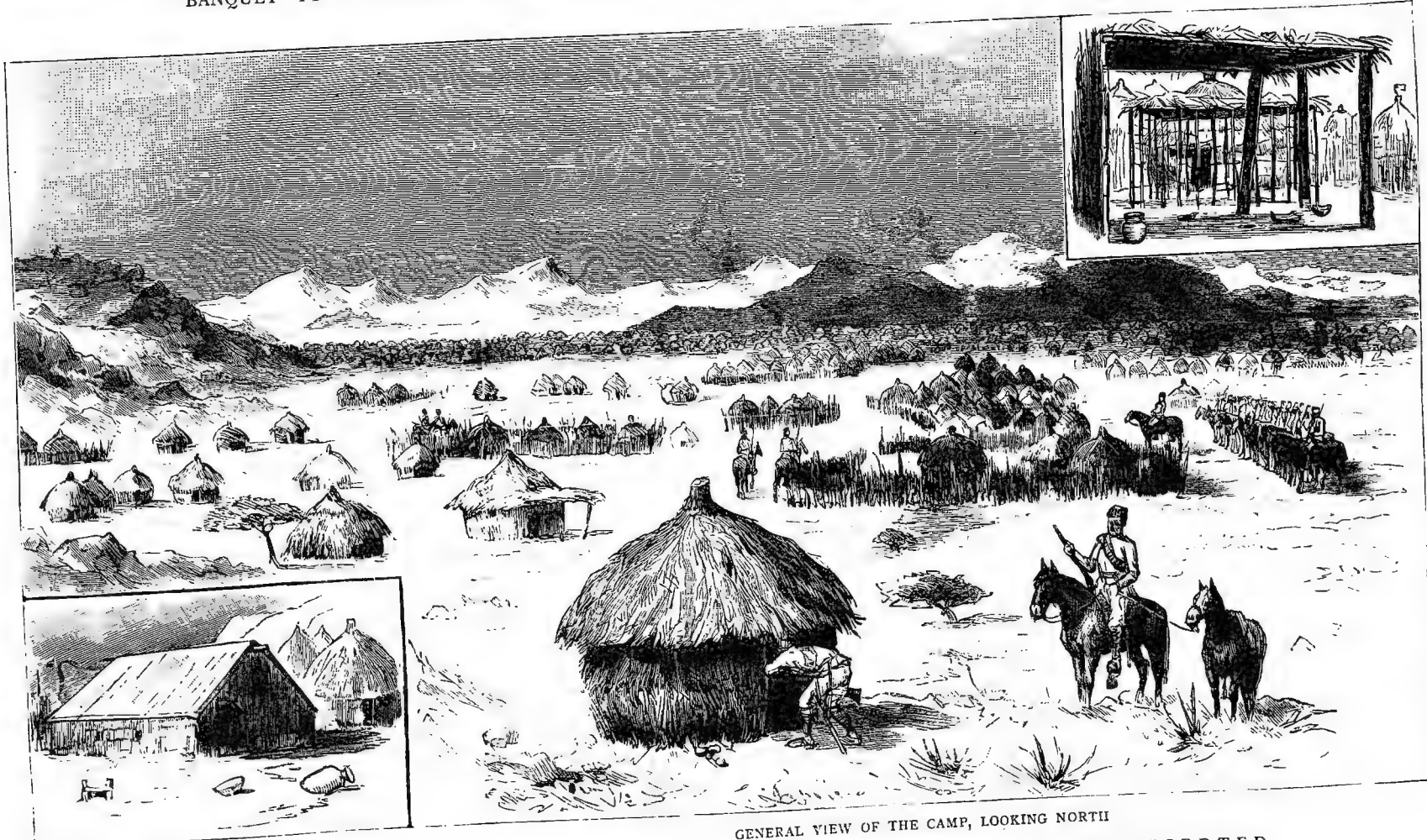


THE PRINCE OF WALES PROPOSING THE TOAST OF THE EVENING

"GOOD NIGHT"

BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

OSMAN DIGNA'S HUT AND COURTYARD



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP, LOOKING NORTH

HUT OF THE MAHDI'S NEPHEW

OSMAN DIGNA'S CAMP AT HANDOUB, NEAR SUAKIN, NOW DESERTED
FROM SKETCHES TAKEN BY A MILITARY OFFICER DURING A RECENT RECONNAISSANCE

the masculine gender to include women, this interpretation was strictly limited to "all purposes connected with, and having reference to, the right to vote." If Lady Sandhurst were eligible as a County Councillor, she might also be elected an Alderman or a Mayor, and this Mr. Beresford Hope's counsel regarded as a triumphant *reductio ad absurdum*. Far from admitting it to be such, it was maintained for Lady Sandhurst that women are eligible as Town Councillors, and inferentially as Aldermen and Mayors, in the absence of any enactment expressly disqualifying them; and when Mr. Baron Huddleston remarked that there was no case of a woman having been elected a member of a Corporation, he was met with the reply that this did not prove her to be ineligible. At the conclusion of the argument, the Court announced its intention to consider its judgment.

IN THESE DAYS WHEN THE CONVERSION of private trading firms into Limited Liability Companies is of constant occurrence, great importance attaches to the recent decision of Mr. Justice Kekewich in the action of so-called "deceit," in which the plaintiff sued the principal partner of a firm thus converted for damages on account of loss suffered by him through taking shares in the Company on the faith of a prospectus alleged to have exaggerated the profits of the firm. This contained the statement that the firm returned "a net profit of over 17 per cent. on the capital employed." Two questions had to be adjudicated on (1), whether the statement of profits were correct, and (2) whether the defendant was legally responsible for it. The decision on the first of the points involved some knotty problems as to the construction of the words "capital employed." For instance the buildings erected by the firm were valued at 11,000*l.*, but 8,900*l.* were due to the London and Westminster Bank, on mortgage. It was contended for the defendant, whose obvious interest it was to minimise the amount of "capital employed," that not this 11,000*l.*, but only 2,100*l.*, being the difference between the larger sum and that borrowed on mortgage, should be considered as capital. The judge took an opposite view, and after an otherwise elaborate computation, came to the conclusion that the statement in the prospectus was inaccurate, that nothing like seventeen per cent. on the capital employed had been earned, and that the plaintiff who had bought his shares on the strength of that statement was entitled to redress. As regarded the defendant's responsibility for the statement, it was contended for him that he was not responsible, because though he had seen the first two drafts of the prospectus there had not been submitted to him the third draft, in which alone the exaggerated statement of profit appeared, and though he had not become a director of the company until after the plaintiff had purchased his shares. This point too, the judge decided in favour of the plaintiff, holding that as the defendant had taken advantage of the prospectus, had received the money or shares procured on the strength of it, and yet had never repudiated or withdrawn it, there was strong evidence to show that the statements in it had been made with his authority, although he might have given that authority carelessly.



THE SEASON.—While some districts of England have had a rainfall of four inches in a fortnight, the total fall in London for the same period was less than one inch. Whilst large areas in Somersetshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire have been under water, East Anglian farmers were proceeding blithely with the sowing of barley in that light, dry, friable soil which the beer-making cereal loves. The colder weather which has recently prevailed has had an excellent effect on the autumn-sown wheat. The earlier-sown fields were, at the end of February, of too luxuriant aspect, but the present appearance is all that farmers could desire. In the Fen Country spring bean and pea-seeding is about finished; upon the whole, they have gone into the land well, and in some cases are just beginning to peep out. Oats are being got in on the clay lands of the Midlands and Lincolnshire, but very little has as yet been sown in the North. The lambing season is well on, and there is a great fall of lambs in many districts, though the percentage of ewes which have cast their lambs is said to be larger than usual. On the whole, however, the number of births, the state of the ewes, and the abundance of food make the present period one of a very satisfactory character for the sheep farmer. Fat cattle, so far as healthiness and rapidity of feeding are concerned, have done and are still doing uncommonly well, but prices have fallen, and the margin of profit is now low. Store cattle, on the other hand, are scarce and dear. Fat sheep are in lively demand, still maintaining winter prices, and looking like continuing to do so. Early lambs are fetching up to fifty shillings.

FEEDING SHEEP is a matter on which a recent controversy in the Agricultural Press has thrown some fresh light. One gentleman carefully weighed the food eaten by two hundred fattening sheep, and found that in a week they consumed 25,200 lb. of cut swedes, 3,360 lb. of ensilage, and 1,568 lb. of mixed linseed cake and wheat. Each sheep, therefore, managed to "put away" every day 18 lb. of swedes, 2½ lb. of ensilage, and 1¼ lb. of cake and corn. The sheep ate the ensilage in preference to the swedes.

ACCORDING TO SIR JOHN LAWES'S DICTUM sheep should consume every week one-seventh of their own weight of the dry substance of food. The increase of a fattening sheep is at the rate of about one pound live weight to eight or nine pounds of the dry substance of the food consumed. Animals are rationed according to their weight: a one hundred pound sheep wants weekly about eighty pounds of food; a two hundred pound sheep, one hundred and sixty pounds.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Preparations for the forthcoming Show in Windsor Park in celebration of the Society's Jubilee are going on with great activity. Workmen are employed in erecting the ornamental façade of the principal entrance, which is situated on the N.E. of the enclosures, near the King's Road Lodge.

THE SHORTHORN SHOW just held at Lincoln commanded only a small number of entries, but, as the animals actually sent were of unusually high average merit, the visitor saw nothing inferior, and had a good chance of observing that which was good. Mr. Park's "Lord of the Manor" took first prize, and was a fine bull of great length, with good hair, size, and substance. The second prize was taken by the Duke of Portland's "Eastern Monarch," a roan calf of great size, good hair, and rich colour. Other exhibitors who sent really fine animals were Mr. Foljambe, Lady Ossington, and Mr. Sharpley.

POTATOES.—A Belgian agriculturist states that he finds the "Gulich" method of growing potatoes is very successful, and that the crop averages eight tons per acre. The plan is to give a square yard to each potato stock, which should yield up to 5 lb. of tubers. It is thought that this method is particularly suitable for early and valuable sorts, which are especially liable to disease. As would be expected, the soil is less exhausted than when the potatoes are grown in rows.

A DESERTED NEST is a spring trouble of the henwife, but it need not always mean a dozen addled eggs. When the nest is found deserted get a pail of water heated up to 105 degrees, into which put the eggs, and wash them thoroughly, letting them remain in it a few minutes. This will warm them and reinvigorate the embryo. If another hen is available the nest should be re-made, and the eggs put under her, in which case the only harm done will be to delay the eventual hatching by about six hours. The eggs, which have been left a whole day will sometimes turn out all right if thus treated, but, of course, our remarks are to be taken as referring to ordinary cases where desertion is discovered before the eggs have got quite cold. If a hen is indisposed to sit steadily it is possible to keep the eggs for two or even three days in water at a heat of 105 degrees. The use of incubators on large farms is steadily increasing.

THE GARDEN.—Grass turf requires very careful attention now in order to ensure a good sward in the summer. The turf should be well rolled with a heavy roller; any patchy places should be returned, and all alterations completed before April is with us. Those who wish for peas by midsummer should sow now, manuring the ground well before sowing, and taking care not to crowd the rows too much together. The idea that by sowing close a large crop of peas is secured, "and the seed don't cost much," is more widely spread than would ordinarily be believed. But, of course, the fallacy is an obvious one. The given area of soil will only grow so many; crowded rows do not bear at all profusely, and the pods take much longer to fill than when there is more room given.

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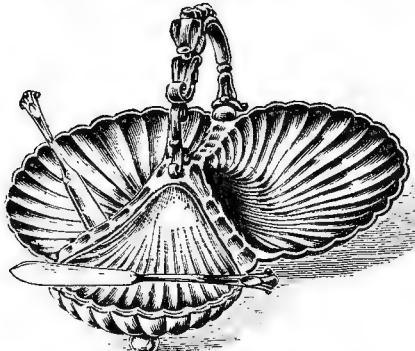
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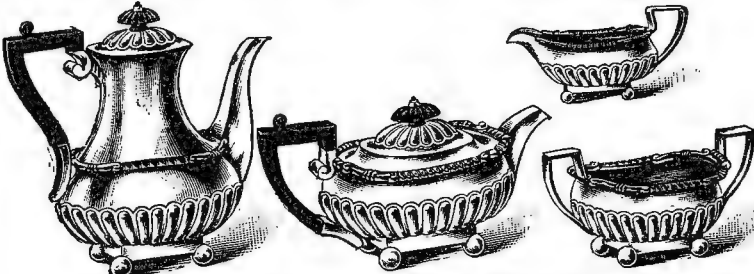
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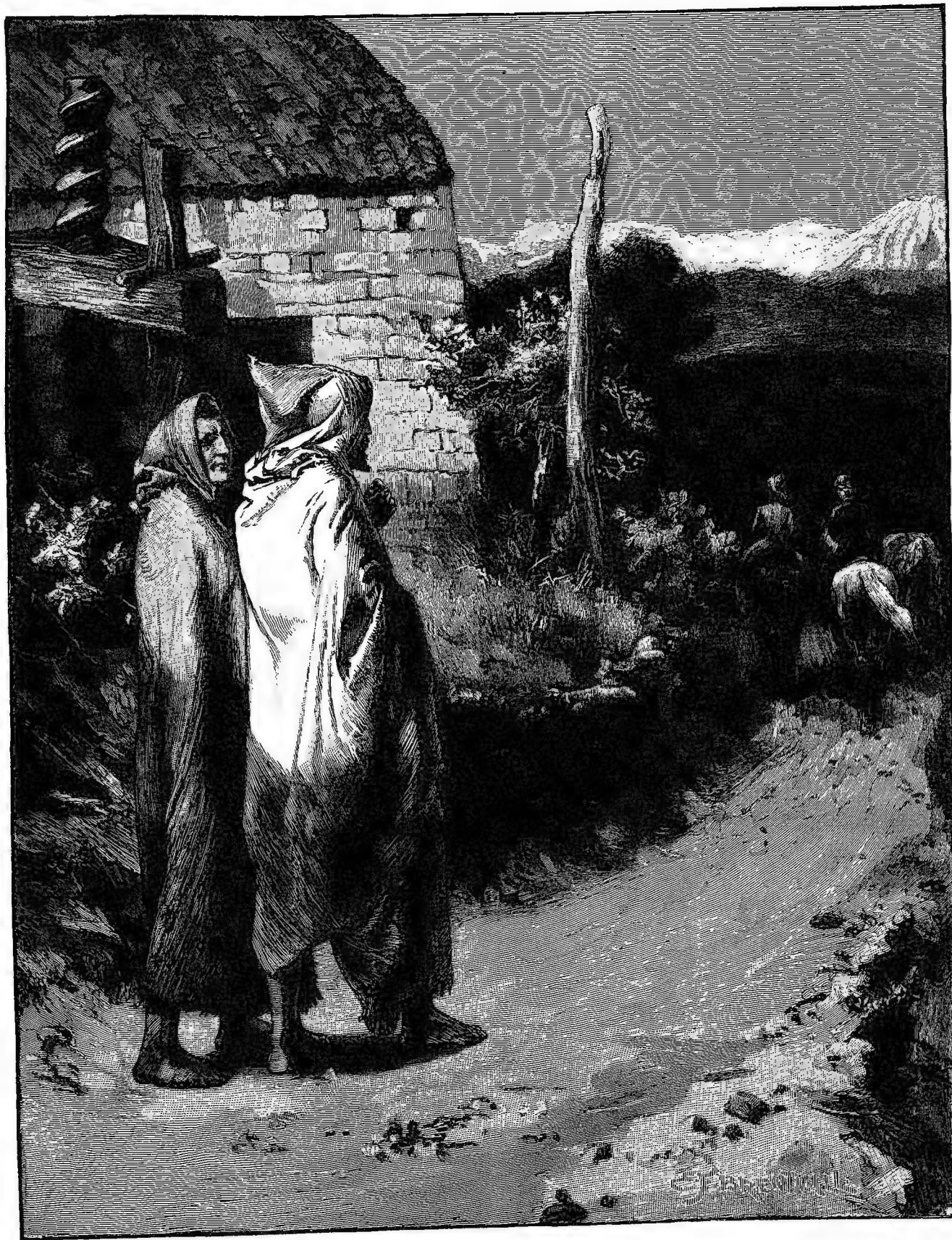
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Hussein smiled a horrible, wistful smile. "That's well," he said, chuckling. "I prefer her to Meriem."

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AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DIFFICULT CLIENT

THEY mounted their horses and rode back towards St. Cloud in moody silence. Madame l'Administratrice indeed, to do her justice, chatted volubly and flippantly all the way. But Uncle Tom and Iris, in no mood for gossip, contented themselves with an occasional nod or a smile of acquiescence. Their minds, to say the truth, were otherwise engaged than with madame's regrets for her Parisian luxuries. Uncle Tom was in a distinctly bad humour; and with very ill for his client. He couldn't conceal from himself two obvious facts: first, that it looked very much indeed as though the man Yusuf and Clarence Knyvett were really one and the same person; secondly, that it looked very much indeed as if Clarence Knyvett had really outlived his brother Alexander. If these things were so, two points alone could save his client's case. In the first place, it was pretty certain that Clarence Knyvett could never have married Meriem's mother, in any sense recognised by the Probate and Divorce Division. In the second place, it was also pretty certain that no good legal proof was forthcoming of the identity of Yusuf with Joseph Leboutillier. Comforting his soul with which two specious legal quibbles, Uncle Tom directed his mountain pony cautiously homeward in no little internal perturbation. As for Iris, she rode on with equal regret at many results of this

strange interview. At the very first blush of it, her heart had gone forth to her unknown cousin. There was something about Meriem's simple nature that she felt civilisation could never rival. She was vexed in soul that Uncle Tom, with his Lincoln's Inn suspiciousness and his Old Bailey wit, should have gone against the grain of that fine natural character. But, furthermore, the practical outcome of that morning's work had strangely discomposed her own plans for the future. Let Uncle Tom and the legal aspect of the case quibble as they might, in simple equity Iris felt sure that Sir Arthur's property belonged, by right, to Meriem only. She didn't doubt now that Meriem was Clarence Knyvett's only daughter, and that Clarence had survived his brother Alexander. Thinking so, her soul, like her Homeric hero's, was divided this way and that within her. For, on the one hand, her strong sense of justice and her clamorous, imperative Knyvett conscience made her anxious to see abstract right done to Meriem, let what might follow. She could not fight over legal quibbles, where the truth was clear, or pretend to hesitate about questions of identity when Uncle Clarence's daughter stood, visible in the flesh, a true Knyvett before her. If Meriem was the heiress, provable or not, let Meriem take the goods that belonged to her.

But, on the other hand, Iris felt with a pang it would be hard indeed to give up Sidi Aia. Six thousand a year had moved her little; mere money stated in pounds sterling means not much to a very young woman. But when she had once seen Sidi Aia, and

felt the pride of possession in that exquisite home, it would be hard, indeed, to give it up to the rightful owner. She wished she had never seen it at all, so as never to know the pain of parting with it.

"I believe in Meriem, Uncle Tom," she ventured to observe, timidly, at last. "I don't think she wants to get Uncle Arthur's property."

Uncle Tom's ill-humour grew deeper as he went, the case looking blacker and blacker on reflection. "The girl's a mere tool," he answered, sullenly. "She's dupe, not knave. *She* won't do much harm to us. It's that man Le Marchant who's egging her on. It was he who invented this cock-and-bull story. He means to marry her, and prosecute her claim. Exactly what I told you has really happened. He read your advertisement, and saw his chance of setting up a new sort of Tichborne Claimant. Of course it was he who carved that inscription."

"I never thought of that," Iris cried, with surprise, half clutching at the straw, if only it could save her that beautiful Sidi Aia. "But the painter said he saw it too, and I somehow fancy the painter's a good young fellow. With a face like that, he could hardly be otherwise. I never saw anybody handsomer or more transparent."

Uncle Tom grunted. "You'd learn to distrust your own brother," he said, shortly—"supposing you had one—if you'd practised half as long as I have at the Bar of the Probate and Divorce Division."

Iris was silent for a few minutes more. Then she said again, "There's something inexpressibly weird to my mind in the coincidence that one brother should be living in luxury in Algiers—"

"No coincidence in the world at all about it!" her uncle answered, testily, with a burst of ill-humour. "Your logic's bad. That's always the case with you Cambridge graduates. If you'd only been to Oxford, now, like me, you'd see at a glance that the only coincidence is a matter of mere ordinary sequence. Your Uncle Clarence thing's a matter of mere ordinary sequence. Your Uncle Clarence came to Algiers as Joseph Leboutillier—so much's admitted on all sides; and it was his coming over here first that entailed in the end all the rest of our coming, Sir Arthur's, and your's and mine, and all your mother's. Sir Arthur came, like us, to assure himself his brother was comfortably dead and buried; and, not being burdened with a young woman of Cambridge education and fanciful proclivities, he was lucky enough to satisfy himself offhand of the fact, which is more than we seem likely to do, confound it! He found the climate and the country suited him, so he bought Sidi Aia out of the money of the trust, in accordance with the terms of the Admiral's will; and small blame to him either; for a prettier or sweeter place I never saw, though you *do* want to fling it at the head of this claimant. Where's the coincidence in all that, I'd like to know? Now, where's your coincidence? A simple ordinary matter of natural cause and effect—that's just what a logical Oxford mind calls it."

"But how painful to think," Iris went on, reflectively, without heeding his interruption, "that one brother was living in luxury and splendour at Sidi Aia, while the other brother, the real possessor of the property, was skulking for his life in fear and trembling among these snowy mountains, and dependent for his bread upon the charity of the Kabyles!"

"That's just it," Uncle Tom went on, with dogged calmness, crushing down his own doubts the better to crush down and annihilate his niece's. "That's just what I say. Is it likely? Is it credible? Is it in accordance with all we know of human nature? If he was the heir to this fine estate—for it is a fine estate, Iris, though you want to shuffle it off on the bare-legged young woman of doubtful antecedents—would he go hiding and starving in a cave on the mountains, instead of coming down, and saying openly, 'Here am I, Clarence Knyvett, the rightful owner, come to claim my own; get out of my house and give me up my money?'"

"You forget," Iris said, "that the French would have shot him, and the English sent him into penal servitude."

"I don't forget it," Uncle Tom repeated, with some asperity. "I don't forget it. I never forget anything. It's a habit I've acquired in the course of my practice. But do you think anybody in his senses would shoot or imprison the heir to a splendid property like that? No, no, my girl; I know the law in its practical working in all countries. Shoot a poor devil of a deserter, if you like, with three sous in his pocket, and nobody'll bother about it; but not a man who can ask the General of Division to dinner at Sidi Aia, with *ôât de foie gras* and a magnum of Veuve Clicquot."

Iris was silent. Young as she was, she knew the world well enough already to guess there was probably a good deal of truth in Uncle Tom's cynical contention.

"Well, now, Iris," Uncle Tom went on, drawing rein for a second as they reached the village, "I've had enough of your co-operation in this matter, I can tell you. I mean to hunt up the rest of the question myself, with the aid of an interpreter—I suppose there's *somebody* here at St. Cloud who understands this beastly Kabyle lingo—and sorrow another word shall you have to say to it. You may fraternise with the bare-legged young woman of doubtful antecedents as much as you like in private—I've nothing to say against her as far as she goes: she's a well-meaning tool of that man Le Marchant's; but never again shall I let so incompetent a junior as yourself be with me in a case of such prime importance. I've taken away the brief from you, so remember in future I manage this business alone in my own fashion."

As they passed out of the street at Beni-Merzoug, Hussein and the marabout had watched them depart from the sacred grove by the little domed tomb of the village saint. "There goes she of the high heels," Hussein cried out, mockingly, in his own tongue, at the same time that he bowed his head deferentially almost to the ground before her.

"In Allah's good time," the holy man answered, "her proud head shall roll in the dust before the face of Allah."

"And these others who have come to her from over the sea; shall we slay them too?" Hussein asked, with languid interest.

"Is it not written, 'The Lord knows His own?'" the marabout replied, looking vacantly before him. "When the Faithful unfurl the flag of a Jihad—a holy war—they respect not persons; they destroy utterly the enemy of Allah himself, and his house, and his slaves, and his servants, and his friend, and the stranger that is within his gates, leaving not one living soul behind them."

"The biggest one—her with the fair hair," Hussein went on regretfully, with a side glance at Iris; "it's a pity to kill her. It seems such a waste of good material. She might serve well to draw water and to cook *cous-cous* and to prepare the house for the sons of the Faithful. Her face is pretty. I like her looks better even than Meriem's."

"Slay the men; take the women alive; says the word of Allah. All but the woman with the high heels. Lay her low in the dust, says the servant of the All-Powerful."

Hussein smiled a horrible, awful smile. "That's well," he said, chuckling. "I prefer her to Meriem." And he followed her with a gloating look in his fierce black eyes till she faded out of sight down the long and narrow zigzag mule-path.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HELLENICA

"Do you know, Eustace," Blake said at breakfast, in the tent next morning, "I've been devoting myself too exclusively of late to the mere figure. I must really go back to a little more landscape. These studies of mine of girls and young men—Meriem in particular—will be awfully useful to me when I get back to England. I mean to work 'em up, and make really good things of 'em for the Academy, some day. But they require the local landscape for background; they require the landscape. Such essentially idyllic types of life are nothing at all without their natural setting of olive and pine, of cactus and fan-palm. The long brook falling through the cloven ravine, and all that sort of thing's a necessary adjunct. I must go further afield, and keep up my details."

Le Marchant smiled, for he knew in his own soul, already, what was coming. "And where will you go?" he asked, as innocently as he could.

"Why, over near St. Cloud, I think," Vernon Blake replied, perusing the canvas ceiling; "there are some jolly bits there. One dear little shrine in particular, on a tall hillside, all hung about with rags and pilgrims' offerings, took my fancy immensely the last time we were over there. And that skittish small Frenchwoman told me the other day, when we went to call upon her"—for they had made their peace, in the interval, with Madame l'Administratrice—"that if ever I happened to be painting over their way, it would give her and Monsieur all the pleasure in the world if I'd drop in at the Fort to have a mouthful of luncheon. It's convenient having a place where one can get a feed, you know." And he fiddled with his jack-knife, trying to look unconcerned and unconscious.

"Poor Meriem!" Le Marchant murmured, with genuine regret, spreading some more tinned lobster on a large round sea-biscuit.

"Well, I never pretended I really cared for her," Blake answered in the oblique oration. "And this other girl, if it comes to that, is a real English lady, and worth ten thousand of her."

"That's a matter of opinion," Le Marchant said, stoutly. "She's too learned for me, though," Blake went on, with some latent chagrin in his tone. "Do you know what she said about Meriem, yesterday? She observed, quite casual-like, that Genserik and his Vandals—I think the gentleman's name was Genserik—must have left their mark deep on the soil and the people throughout all Mauritania. By Jove! I didn't know which way to look. I out all Mauritania. In my life before, and I couldn't tell never heard of Mr. Genserik in my life before, and I couldn't tell you where Mauritania was, or is, if my neck depended upon it. That's the sort of girl I admire, now, if you like. Genserik and his Vandals, she said, as pat as A B C—Genserik and his Vandals."

"But, my dear fellow, it's in Gibbon, you know. There's nothing very wonderful in her having read the old familiar 'Decline and Fall of the Rooshian Empire.'"

"I never read Gibbon," Blake responded, with a stolid face. "Well, it's in 'Murray's Guide,' then, if it comes to that," Le Marchant retorted, without venturing to observe that a woman might have read far more than Blake, and yet by no means set up as a prodigy of learning. "It seems to me far more surprising, as an intellectual feat, that Meriem, brought up in this out-of-the-way village, should have taught herself to read English, all of her own accord, than that Miss Knyvett, aided and abetted and egged on from behind by a *posse comitatus* of Gorton tutors, should have crammed herself up to be Third Classic."

"Different men have different opinions," Blake quoted, gaily; "and, for my part, inions is not my taste. I willingly resign you my share in Meriem. She's all very well for a summer flirtation, I grant you—a man *must* amuse himself—but to compare her for one second to that heavenly apparition sent to be a moment's ornament, in the riding-habit and hat! Why, it makes me positively angry to hear you. She's a phantom of delight, that's what I call her. I'm off, Eustace. I sha'n't be back till six in the evening."

He trudged across to St. Cloud on foot; and, being a prudent man, so he flattered himself inwardly, he called before beginning his work at the Fort just to let Madame l'Administratrice know beforehand that he meant to specialise her general invitation and drop in to luncheon this particular noonday.

Madame l'Administratrice looked pettishly coquettish. "While we were all by ourselves, monsieur," she said, with a fetching little glance towards Iris, "you never did us the honour of accepting our hospitality."

Vernon Blake smiled a sheepish smile. He could be bold as brass before poor bare-footed Meriem; but the Third Classic, that awesome English heiress, brought out at once all the instinctive shyness of his underlying nature.

"Why, I'm going to paint over here to-day," he stammered out timidly, in his best Ollendorff; "and you said, you know, whenever I came over you'd do me the honour of allowing me to lunch here."

"Oh, mayn't Madame and I come out and watch you?" Iris asked with genuine interest and pleasure. "But perhaps you don't like being watched. I've never seen a real painter at work in my life, do you know; and after that sweet thing of yours in the Grosvenor last year, I should love to find out exactly how you do it."

"I shall be only too flattered," Blake answered, smiling, that being, in fact, the precise object with which he had come over there. Love at first sight was the name of his malady.

"And may I go too?" Mrs. Knyvett inquired, focussing the prominent feature full upon the painter with a benign smile.

"Oh, not for the world, dear," Iris interposed, earnestly. "It's so chilly this morning, and the wind's from the mountains, and I should be afraid of my life it'd bring on your bronchitis."

Blake heard this veto with lively satisfaction. He fancied from the tone it was not perhaps entirely dictated by filial solicitude. Besides, Madame didn't know a single word of English, and was therefore admirably adapted (from the point of view of giddy youth) for enacting with effect the part of the common or garden gooseberry.

They strolled out together to the point on the hill-side where Blake had decided to select his background—a pretty little dell by a Kabyle road; and there the young artist, with those big grey eyes, set up his canvas on the easel, where Meriem, of course, as central figure stood already painted-in with striking vigour. It was a graceful form, and Iris admired it with genuine admiration.

"How beautifully you paint these people," she said, looking up at him. "You seem to have caught their spirit to the very life. Such *naïveté* and simplicity; the Kabyles all over."

"I'm glad you like it," Blake answered, blushing. "Praise from your lips is indeed commendation."

Iris glanced timidly aside at Madame. Half-a-dozen Kabyle boys had gathered, as was their wont, already round the canvas to see the infidel stranger paint; and the little Frenchwoman, having drawn a semi-circular line with her parasol in the dust of the path round the base of the easel, was congenially engaged in rapping with the knobby top of the same weapon of offence the bare toes of any luckless urchin who ventured to transgress her prescribed limit. "Une occupation comme une autre," she said, looking up with a good-humoured and mischievous smile at Iris. "Il faut bien s'amuser. Et puis ça leur apprend le respect de l'autorité."

"Would you like to look at my sketch-book?" Blake said in English, handing it to the amiable *chaperon* as he spoke. Madame took it, and glanced over it carelessly. It was not in the least Parisian; nothing piquant at all in it; so she passed it on with a yawn and a sigh to Iris. Ten minutes later she was beginning to *s'ennuyer*, to prevent which misfortune she buried her face in close communion with a paper-covered copy of Daudet's "Sapho," imported by post from Algiers yesterday.

So Iris and Blake, left to themselves, talked on for an hour uninterrupted. By that time Madame, propped against a tree, had fallen asleep quietly over her Parisian story.

"How do you like it now?" Blake asked at last, standing off a foot or two, and surveying his own handicraft with not ungraceful complacency.

"It's just like a little idyll from Theocritus, Mr. Blake," Iris cried, admiringly. "Doesn't your work often remind you while you're painting of Theocritus? It seems to me absolutely inspired in every detail by the true old *naïve* Dorian feeling."

"I haven't read Theocritus," Blake answered, modestly, feeling bound to disclaim the honour thus thrust upon him. "To tell you the truth, I don't read Latin at all, Miss Knyvett."

"Oh, don't you?" Iris cried, with a faint little blush of sympathetic shame at his simple blunder. "I'm sorry for that, for then you've never had the pleasure of reading the Georgics; and the Georgics to you would be like flowers to the bees—your native field, your predestined pabulum. You'd revel in the Georgics, I'm quite sure, Mr. Blake, if you read Latin. And you don't read Greek, then, either, of course; for whoever reads Homer has first read Virgil. That's a pity, too, for you'd delight in Theocritus. The scent of these thymy southern hillsides blows through every line of his breezy idylls, as whiffs of the heather blow through Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and the perfume of the may through some of Tennyson's English country pieces."

"So Theocritus wrote in Greek, did he?" Blake answered, ill at ease, ruthlessly exposing his own hasty mistake, which Iris had

endeavoured so gracefully to gloss over and yet prevent for the future. "Then I made a stupid ignorant blunder when I thought he was a Latin. Miss Knyvett," and he paused with his brush upturned, "you're a sight too clever for me to talk to."

"Not clever," Iris corrected. "Only well-read. I've mugged it up out of books, that's all. Anybody can mug it all up if he'll only take the pains. I had to at Cambridge."

"But what was that you said yesterday about Nausicaa?" Blake went on, still blushing. "I wanted to ask you who Nausicaa was; and just then I was really afraid and ashamed to."

"Oh, Nausicaa?" Iris answered, with a little laugh. "She's in the Odyssey, you know; the daughter of Alcinoos, King of Phœacia, and she goes with her maidens to wash linen by the seashore; and there she finds Odysseus thrown upon the coast; and then"—gliding gently over the dangerous ground with a faint blush, for even a Gorton girl is still a woman—"she gives him dry things and takes him home in her father's chariot to the Court of Phœacia."

"It sounds like good ballad poetry," Blake answered, interested. "Worked up in the style of the 'Earthly Paradise,' I should think it ought to make very graceful verse."

"I wish I were going to stop here longer," Iris said, quite seriously, amused at his inverted way of looking at Homer, "and I'd teach you Greek. It's a grand language . . . and I can't bear to think you've never heard the bees hum in Theocritus."

"You'd find me a precious bad pupil, I'm afraid," Blake went on, with a sigh, as he added a still deeper tinge of orange to the throat of the great Cretan mullein he was daintily painting. "I was always bad at anything like a language."

Iris paused, admiring the exquisite depth of the colour in the gorge of the bell, and the masterly painting of the whole imperial blossom. Remembering the scraps of Ollendorffian French she had already heard him stumble through with Madame l'Administratrice, she began to fear vaguely in her own soul that her new hero had by no means unduly under-estimated his own very slender linguistic capabilities. She gazed at the canvas, and tried another tack.

"After all," she said, with pensive head on one side appreciative, "why should I wish you to read Theocritus at all, when I see you *are* in all essentials a Theocritus already? What the Greek tried to say with words and rhythm, that you say for us here in visible images with form and pigment. The same grace, the same studied ease, the same southern rusticity, the same simple naturalness. Nothing about your art is anywhere affected." Her own thoughts hurried her on too far. "You have no need to go to school to the Greeks," she went on. "You, a poet-painter, have in yourself to start with those very ideas which we ordinary mortals strive to hammer into our heads by hard practice through daily acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature."

Blake looked back at her with his big eyes full of childish wonder. He hardly knew how to contain himself with surprise. Delicate flattery is dear to the soul of every one of us; sympathy, appreciation, encouragement in our art—though we don't often get them; but that *she*, the one woman whom he most dreaded and admired on earth, whom he had lain awake to dream of all last night, should thus condescend to put him, as it were, upon her own level, and to balance his gifts with hers, not wholly to his disadvantage—this, indeed, was more than he could have hoped or prayed for. And the best of it was, in a shamefaced way, in that back-corner of self-esteem which even the most modest of us keeps somewhere *perdu* at the far-end of his brain, he recognised himself with an inward blush that all she said had a great deal of truth in it. He was a poetic painter by nature, and he felt instinctively the underlying kinship between work like his own and the best pastoral poetry. But Le Marchant had never told him that. Le Marchant had never casually remarked upon his brotherhood with the great idyllic poets. No one but she, that incomparable she, in her noble condescension, had ever yet beheld the whole genius that was in him.

"You're very kind," he said, one blush pervading him to the roots of his hair. "You somehow make me feel quite at home, at once, with you. Shall I confess, now, why I thought Theocritus wrote in Latin? I think I will. Because I know him only through Andrew Lang's ballade, 'Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea,' you remember. And Sicilians, I fancied, must surely have spoken Latin, because now-a-days, I suppose, they speak Italian."

"I never read that piece," Iris answered, unabashed.

"Oh, let me repeat it then," Blake cried, enchanted to find he knew something she didn't. Young love delights to drop into poetry; and he recited it all through with a sonorous voice to his listening companion.

Iris followed the flow of those dainty lines with deep attention. "It's beautiful," she said, as he finished, "simple and beautiful, like your own painting."

They paused awhile; then Iris said, once more, to change the subject, "How hot it is here. I'm quite thirsty. I should love some lemonade. My kingdom for a lemon."

Blake dropped into poetry at once again. The mood was on him.

Oh, for a draught of vintage that has been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth;
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth;
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene!

"That's pretty, too," Iris said, admiring. "And is that Andrew Lang also? Please tell it all to me."

Blake started in surprise. "What, not know that!" he cried. "Why, it's Keats, of course; the 'Ode to a Nightingale.' I thought, of course, you'd have read *that*. It's a lovely thing. You must let me repeat it to you."

Iris blushed again. "You'll think me dreadfully ignorant, I'm afraid," she said, apologetically. "I've had to work so hard at Greek and Latin the last few years, that I'm afraid I've rather neglected the English poets; while your mind seems to be just saturated with them. I wish I'd read them as much as you have."

Young love is always frankly self-conscious. "How quickly a woman finds out all that's in one," he cried, delighted. "So much faster than a man. I've lived with Le Marchant six months in a tent, and yet, except for a certain manual dexterity in painting pictures, I don't believe he's ever found out there's anything in me."

Iris dropped her pretty eyelashes with a demure droop, for all the world like any ordinary girl, who has *not* been to Cambridge. "Mr. Le Marchant's a mere man of science," she said, slowly.

"Perhaps . . . you and I . . . have more in common." Vernon Blake tramped back to the tent that night, up the steep path, with that painful malady strong upon him. It made his heart go thump, thump, thump. And as he tramped, he said to himself a hundred times over in an ecstasy of delight, "Here by God's grace is the one maid for me," as Geraint said when he first saw Enid.

(To be continued)

ENGLISH JOURNALISM gets some hard knocks from a few American journals in return for the complaints about the *New York Herald* publishing a London edition seven days in the week. The *New York Sun* amiably remarks that "there is nothing in the way of an intellectual production that is more stupid than a London newspaper. It is not a newspaper at all. It doesn't print the news. It is a dull, heavy, platitudinous, gaseous commodity, unsatisfying, unsympathetic, and inadequate." Complimentary, very



OVER ground, in the main, not altogether unfamiliar to readers of books of travel, we are taken, but in the brightest and most vivacious fashion, by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, with his "Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East" (2 vols.: Richard Bentley). As so many books have been written describing Japan as a sort of earthly Paradise, and full of enthusiastic eulogium of its people, it will be a surprise to many to find this well-informed writer suggesting or demanding large deductions from the *couleur de rose*. The scenery is monotonous in the everlasting greenery of lovely valleys, every one of which is like the other. Cheap trashy lacquer is succeeding the wonders of old-time artists. "Picturesque? No," he writes. "Each day social Japan approaches more nearly to the drab dead level of European red-taped routine." Their inns or hotels he pictures as sources of a body and soul-tormenting insomnia. "The Japanese," he says further, "at this moment are a melancholy spectacle, for they are as a rudderless ship, drifting they know not whither. Impetuously they have cast forth into the deep familiar charts and compasses, and are at the mercy of an unknown current. . . . The Mikado promises at a proximate period a Constitution. It seems more than likely that when the time arrives he and his Constitution will be relegated to limbo with scant ceremony, as out of date. The children of the Rising Sun have lost self-reliance, and have pinned unreasoning faith on the first comer. Woe to them if they come to consider that their confidence has been abused, for then chaos will supervene!" Perhaps the most entertaining part of this work is Mr. Wingfield's account of his trip through the Philippines from Manila, when he visited Negros, Cebu, and Mindanao, while he was for a short time in the Sooloo Archipelago. The defect of the volumes is that they are perhaps overloaded with comment, which gives a suspicion of thinness to the narrative; but, for all that, the author throughout contrives to be lively, and amusing. He is rarely, if ever, dull.

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A volume of so much interest that we could wish it larger and fuller is Mr. Edward Smith's "Foreign Visitors in England, and What They Have Thought of Us" (Elliot Stock). This work consists of some notes on their books, and their opinions during the last three centuries. Mr. Smith largely confines himself to visitors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, although some references are made to diarists of our own and the last generation. When it is remembered that the bibliography of the subject extends to at least four hundred items, it may be readily understood that for a small, handy volume, such as the one before us, it has been necessary to compress a good deal. Among many samples of opinions expressed by our foreign guests, we may quote Misson, who knew the England of Charles II. and James II., anent patch-wearing. "The use of patches," he says, "is not unknown to the French ladies; but she that wears them must be young and handsome. In England, young, old, handsome, ugly, all are bepatched till they are Bed-ridden. I have often counted fifteen patches or more upon the swarthy, wrinkled phiz of an old hag three-score-and-ten and upwards. Thus the Englishwomen refine upon our fashions." There is so much that is interesting in "Foreign Visitors to England" that the scope of the work and its treatment might with advantage be expanded.

A thoroughly substantial book, full of information, is Mr. William Gisborne's "The Colony of New Zealand: Its History, Vicissitudes, and Progress" (Petherick and Co.). The author begins with the physical features of New Zealand, and then deals with the Maories. We next come to the history of the country in connection with Europeans, while the author tells well the story of our war against the New Zealanders. He proceeds thus systematically, and in a way to carry the reader with him till he reaches the appearance put in by New Zealand at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. Mr. Gisborne, it may be mentioned, aspires after Imperial Federation, and a lucid exposition of the course of policy likely to conduce to this end closes an interesting volume.

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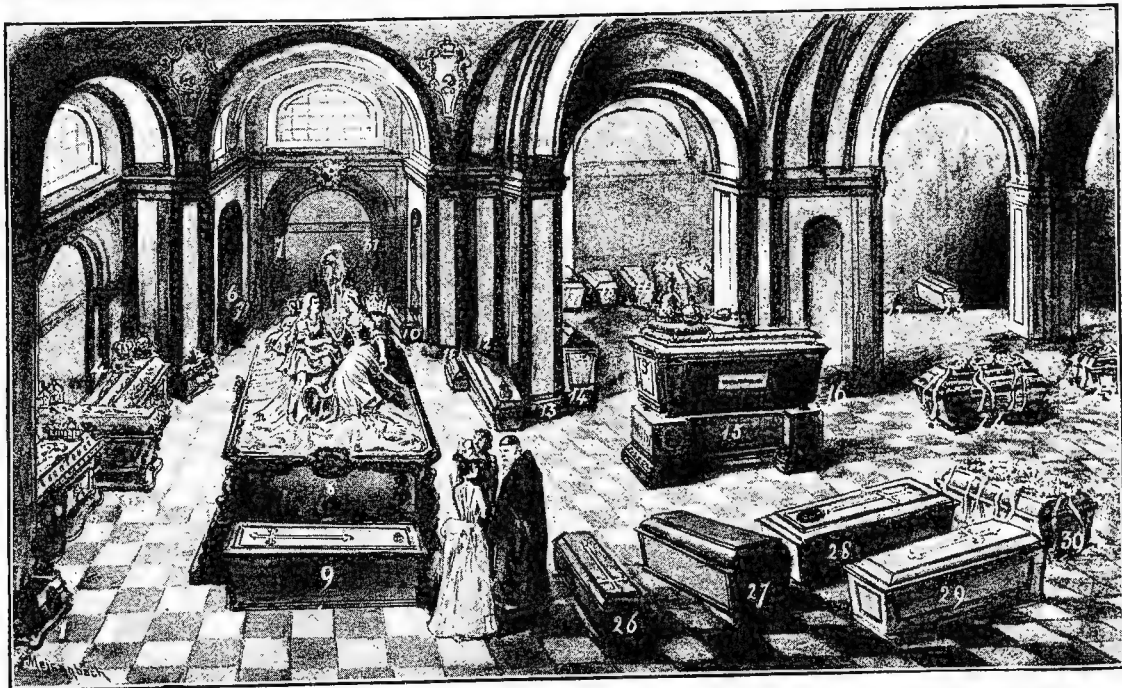
Although, as one of the most beautifully situated and historically attractive cities in the world, the great city at the foot of Vesuvius has been frequently written about, "Naples in 1888" (Trübner), by Eustace Greville Rolfe and Holcombe Ingleby, is a work of much freshness, and is, apart from the manner of treatment, a proof of the perennial interest which attaches to its subject. "What an old-world city it is!" observes one of the authors, "with its narrow tortuous streets winding in and out on the level parts, and climbing up the hills by steps and ramps in every direction, the tottering houses scarcely prevented from falling in by arches spanning the streets right up to the topmost story; while the narrow strip of blue sky is chequered by the wash-clothes, which hang across the street from window to window all the way up the lofty buildings. Washing at home seems to be the order of the day; but who the wearers of the clean clothes may be must ever remain a mystery, for the general public seems utterly guileless of soap, and has an inherent detestation of water." The writers clearly possess very full information about the manners, customs, industries, social usages, and so on, of the Naples of last year, and this they contrive to communicate to the reader without any painfully appreciable effort on his part. It is surprising that so go-ahead a country as Italy is, in some respects, should continue to permit the abominations of the *actvoti* system. "On one occasion," say our travellers, "we were delayed the greater part of an hour at Naples Station to pay a tax of threepence halfpenny levied upon a few shillings' worth of Sorrento woodwork, which we had incautiously carried in our hand, this fretwork (which closely resembles Tunbridge ware) being dutiable as 'mobilia di lusso,' that is, luxurious furniture! The instances of travellers being fined for having insignificant quantities of tobacco about them are too numerous to require mention; but the *reductio ad absurdum* was reached in the case of a friend of ours, who was fined at the Naples Railway Station (which is in no sense a frontier) for having Italian tobacco in a tin which bore the name of a well-known London tobaccoist! The burden of proof was coolly laid upon him; and, as he had taken his tobacco out of the Government paper, and thus deprived himself of the protection of the Government stamp, proof was of course impossible, and the paternal Government fined him 3*l.* sterling for being in possession of the execrable tobacco which their monopoly enables them to enforce upon the residents in their country." Altogether, Messrs. Rolfe and Ingleby have given us an instructive and agreeable book.

"A Common-Place Book of Passing Thoughts" is the second title given by Mr. O. F. Routh to "Cogitations and Conclusions" (Elliot Stock). Of the passing thoughts there are in all eight hundred and thirty-eight. Some of them we venture to think have occurred to others before, while some wear a more or less original aspect. For example, as there were great kings before Agamemnon, so wise men before Mr. Routh have moralised somewhat in the sense of Cogitation Eighty-eight:—"Any stupid can *spend* a fortune, but it wants a clever fellow to *make* one, and a man of resolution and forecast to take care of it." The thought, however, in the following, is less familiar, and supplies a suggestive pendant to the Apostolic "suffer fools gladly," "Clever men should never despise fools, since it is owing to comparison with the foolish that they obtain the reputation of cleverness. Folly is the foil for human wisdom."

We have read much worse travel-books than Major-Gambier Parry's "Sketches of a Yachting Cruise" (W. H. Allen and Co.). Major Parry visited the following places:—Algeria, Sicily, Corfu, Albania, Ithaca, Zante, Olympia, Navarino, Hydra, Corinth, Mount Athos, Sevastopol, and so on. Among the best parts of the book is that describing sport in Albania. His party had one unpleasant encounter with Albanian dogs, whose fierceness is proverbial. Many of them are as big as full-grown St. Bernards, and while they possess the size and weight of dogs of that class, they are far more active and powerful. They are gifted with good nose and strong sight, and they will track a man for miles. To defend oneself against them is difficult, as the injury to an Albanian is the same whether you kill his child or his dog. The story of what must have been a delightful cruise could not have been told more pleasingly than in this volume.

Miss Caroline Gearey publishes a little volume of essays on her experiences "In Other Lands" (Digby and Long). It is largely made up of second-hand anecdotes; though possibly some folk may not have heard the one relating to a picture taken by Marshal Soult from the Madrid picture gallery. It is said that the Marshal used to be fond of displaying one very lovely "Murillo," telling his admiring guests that he set a peculiarly high value on that particular picture, as it was the means of saving the lives of two estimable people. When the Marshal arrived at this point of his story, his *aide-de-camp* would obligingly whisper by way of explanation, "Yes; he threatened to have both shot on the spot unless they gave up the picture."

Miss Ethel E. Ellis writes a "Memoir of William Ellis and An Account of His Conduct Teaching." Mr. Ellis was for fifty years Manager of the Indemnity Insurance Company; but, besides being known in insurance circles as the very first man in his profession, he took an active part in the promotion of "progressive education." As a story of the life and efforts of an educational pioneer and reformer of recent times this book should be of great interest to many. Among other incidents that show the manner of man he was, is one well worth repeating. A shipowner who had insured his



1. Arch-Duchess Anna Carolina, daughter of Francis I., born 1740 died 1741.
2. Arch-Duke Karl Josef, son of the Emperor Francis I., born 1745 died 1761.
3. Arch-Duchess Maria Gabriele, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., born 1750, died 1762.
4. Arch-Duchess Maria Josefa, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., born 1751, died 1767.
5. Arch-Duchess Christine, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., born and died 1748.
6. Arch-Duchess Maria Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., born 1737, died 1747.
7. Empress Maria Isabella, first wife of Josef II., born 1741, died 1765.
8. Empress Maria Theresia, born 1717, died 1780. Francis Stefan, husband of the Empress, born 1737, died 1765.
9. Emperor Josef II., born 1741, died 1790.
10. Arch-Duchess Maria Theresia, daughter of Josef II., born 1762, died 1797.
11. Arch-Duchess Maria Theresia, daughter of the Duke Albrecht von Sachsen-Teschen, and the Arch-Duchess Maria Christine, born and died 1767.
12. Arch-Duchess Maria Carolina, daughter of Francis I., born 1752, died 1814.
13. Arch-Duchess Carolina Leopoldine, daughter of Francis II., born 1764, died 1795.
14. Arch-Duchess Elizabeth, daughter of Francis II., born 1790, died 1791.
15. Emperor Francis II., of Austria, born 1768, died 1835.
16. Empress Maria Theresia, second wife of the Emperor Francis II., born 1772, died 1807.
17. Emperor Leopold II., born 1747, died 1792.
18. Empress Maria Ludovica, wife of Leopold II., born 1745, died 1792.
19. Arch-Duke Alexander Leopold, Palatine of Hungary, son of Leopold II., born 1772, died 1795.
20. Arch-Duke Ludwig Josef, son of Leopold II. and Maria Ludovica, born 1784, died 1864.
21. Arch-Duke Karl Ludwig, son of the Emperor Leopold II., born 1771, died 1847.
22. Arch-Duchess Mathilde, daughter of the Arch-Duke Albrecht, born 1849, died 1860.
23. Arch-Duchess Maria Anna Wilhelmine, daughter of Ferdinand III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, born 1796, died 1865.
24. Arch-Duchess Sofie, mother of the Emperor Francis Josef I., born 1805, died 1872.
25. Emperor Maximilian I., of Mexico, brother of the Emperor Francis Josef I., born 1832, died 1867.
26. Arch-Duke Ferdinand d'Este, son of Francis I., born 1754, died 1807.
27. Empress Maria Ludovica, wife of Francis I., born 1787, died 1816.
28. Arch-Duchess Maria Ludovica, daughter of Francis I., married Napoleon I., born 1795, died 1847.
29. Napoleon I., of Reichstadt, born in Paris 1811, died 1832.
30. Empress Carolina Augusta, fourth wife of Emperor Francis I., born 1792, died 1873.
31. Empress Maria Josefa, second wife of Josef II., born 1739, died 1767.

vessels for some years in the Indemnity called at the office to effect sundry insurances, and mentioned that owing to his absence from town, the clerk had omitted to renew the policy on one of his vessels, and that she had unfortunately been lost, uninsured. Mr. Ellis only asked one question:—"Did you *intend* to offer me the renewal?" "Yes," was the reply; and before that shipowner left the office, a policy for the amount was executed and endorsed for a total loss, which was immediately paid.

Another volume of the same character is Mrs. Bayly's "The Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell" (James Nisbet). The author has been influenced by the desire to make known to the present generation the simple and beautiful story of home life in a farm-house ninety years ago. The author makes the following suggestive observation:—"It is said there is much in every life which will not set to music. As a member of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Sewell was not educated as a musician, but I know no one who, to the extent she did, possessed the capacity of investing common things with a charm equivalent to music." Consequently, there are many people to whom this biography of an excellent woman will be welcome.

Messrs. Mason and Payne, of 41, Cornhill, have issued a new edition of that valuable work of reference "Letts's Popular Atlas." On the appearance of the first edition, we had occasion to speak very highly of it, but the present issue is, if anything, superior owing to the introduction of several new and interesting features therein, chief amongst which we may mention are, that the populations of towns are denoted by underlining, in various colours, the insertion of very large scale-maps of all important countries in the world, and the addition of a number of entirely new plates. These latter comprise nine new plates of the Western part of the United States—so that the whole of the States now appear in nineteen sheets—two of Equatorial Africa and one of South Africa. Added to this, the new edition contains an excellent chart of "Astronomical Geography" and an admirable plate in colours—which forms the frontispiece—giving the flags of all nations; and, finally, we should mention that an entirely new index has been added. Altogether, the new edition deserves unqualified praise for the great care and attention bestowed on it.

We have also received Vol. X. of the *Journal of Education: A Monthly Record and Review*, January to December, 1888 (William Rice); "Hunting in Hard Times" (Chapman and Hall), a book of most amusing coloured sporting pictures, which tell their own story, and adapted for the drawing-room table by Mr. G. Bowers. We notice also Mr. George Whale's "Greater London and Its Government," which purports to be "A Manual and Year-Book for Electors, Citizens, and Ratepayers, and for Members of the County Council of London, City Corporation, School Board, Boards of Guardians, Vestries, and District and other Boards, with Statistical Financial, and other Tables;" and also Mr. J. Frederick Hodggett's "Richard IV., Plantagenet" (Whiting and Co.).

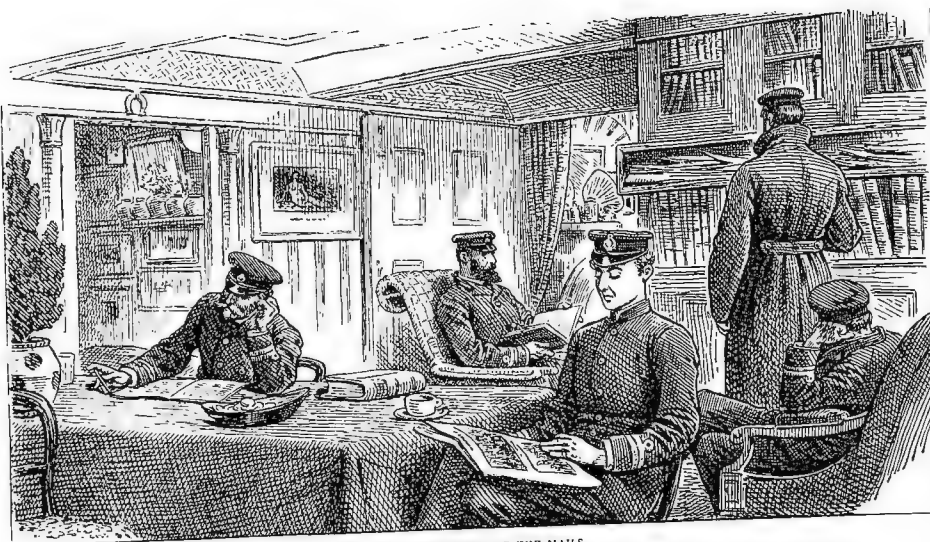
THE BURIAL PLACE OF PRINCE RUDOLF,
VIENNA

THE burial place of the Imperial family of Austria is the crypt of the Capuchin Church in the Neuer Markt, Vienna, and there rest nearly all the Hapsburgs since the time of the Emperor Matthias—there being 1,130 coffins in the vaults. The coffins of the Emperors and Empresses and their children are covered with black velvet and gold, those of collateral Archdukes and Archduchesses with red velvet and silver. The most noticeable object in the vaults is the enormous sarcophagus which Maria Theresa caused to be made for herself, her husband, and her children. Some of the older coffins are beautiful works of art, being richly chased; but Josef II. ordered that the coffins from his time forward should be simple copper shells, with a cross and an inscription on the lid, and his own is perfectly plain. In 1872, however, when the Archduchess Sofia, the present Emperor's mother, died there was a return to the old ornamentation. Formerly the males were laid on what is called the Gospel, and the females on the Epistle side of the crypt, but this rule was broken through because the Empress Eleanor

Magdalena wished to be laid beside her husband. Since 1844 the coffins have been grouped according to families.



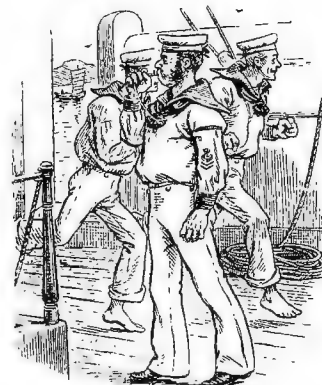
IN "Masters of the World" (3 vols. : Bentley and Son), Mary A. M. Hoppus (Mrs. Alfred Marks) has been ambitious enough to attempt a study of the social and political life of Rome during the reign of Domitian. Her attempt has been remarkably successful, for her diligence has fully equalled her ambition, and she has a very considerable amount of reading human nature through the veil of history. From one great danger she has not escaped ; possibly it is well nigh inevitable, but she does not appear to have realised either the danger or its consequences to the effect of history when translated into the superior truth of fiction. It is hardly too much to say that the aim of collecting materials for a historical period with her thoroughness and fidelity should be to leave them out of the result no less thoroughly. Their use is to colour fiction, to keep the artist from blunders, and to insure him mastery. The plan of Mrs. Marks is to use her story to connect nearly all the incidents and phases of life from birth to death, so that one can scarce "see the wood for the trees." One feels that the drama is given a particular turn, not for dramatic reasons, but because she wants to describe a sacrifice or a supper ; and that the description is always admirable, as well from a picturesque as from an archaeological standpoint, only makes the consciousness of her want of the final touch of mastery the greater. Hence the tragic interest of her story is obscured by its historical value. From this latter standpoint, nothing can be alleged but very high praise, beyond a wish that the pen had been run through certain allusions which readers who understand them would have taken for granted, and which, for others, would have been much better left locked up in Juvenal. For the rest, the last death-throes of the Senate, the general combi-



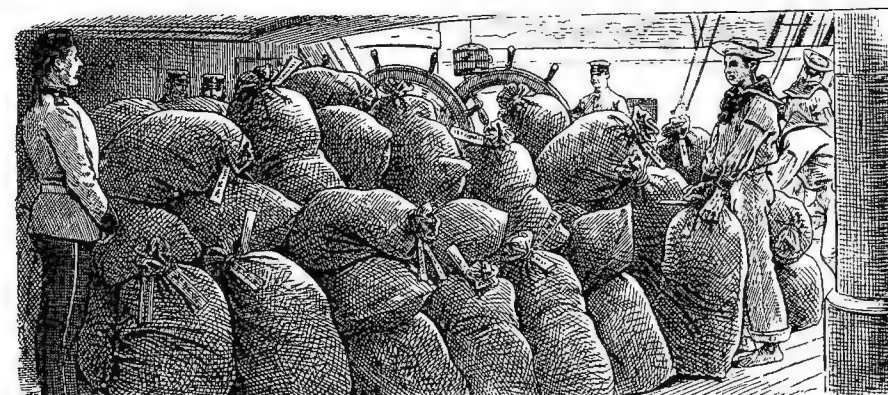
BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAILS



HOISTING THE SIGNAL: "SEND BOAT FOR LETTERS"



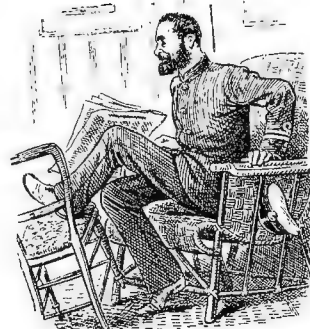
THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE



MAILS FOR THE FLEET—VLADIMIR TO HAKODATE



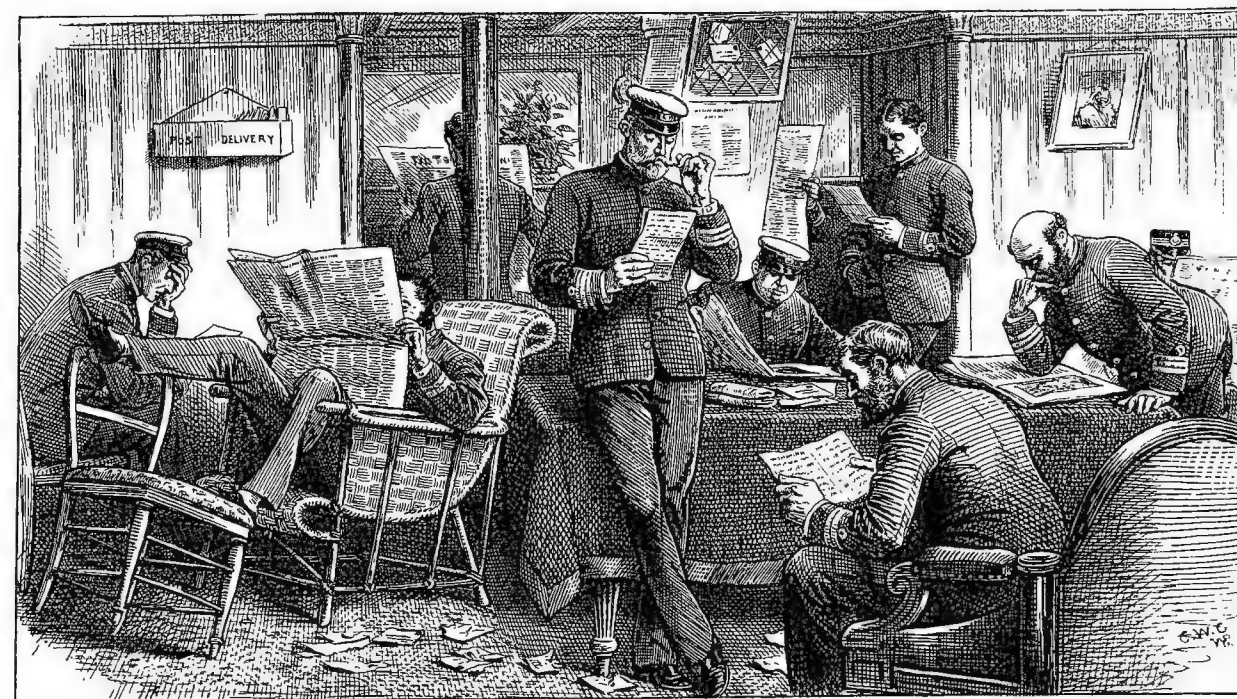
"WHO SAYS MAILS?"



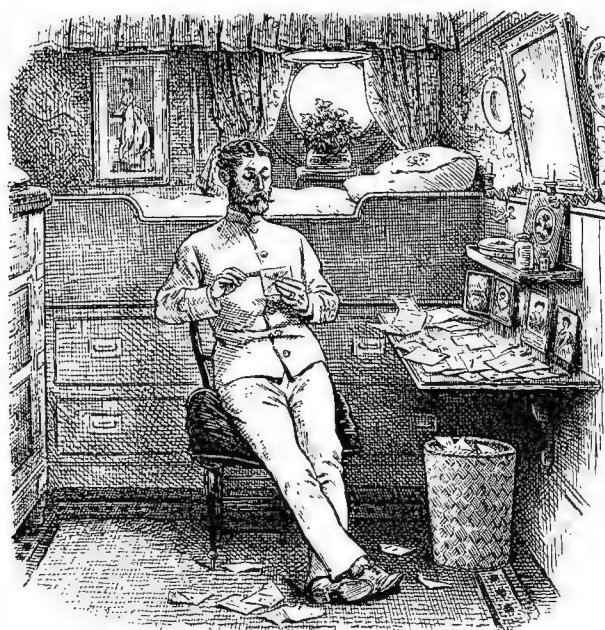
"MAILS!"



THE YOUNG OFFICER WHO BLUSHES, STUFFS HIS
LETTERS INSIDE HIS JACKET, AND RETIRES TO
HIS CABIN



THE ARRIVAL OF THE LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS



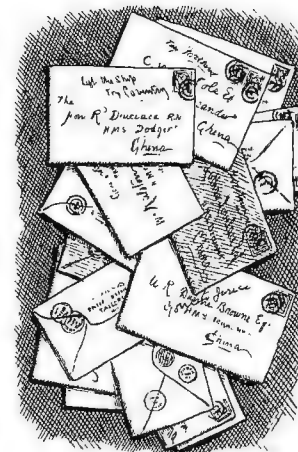
EMBAKKAS-DE-NICHESSE



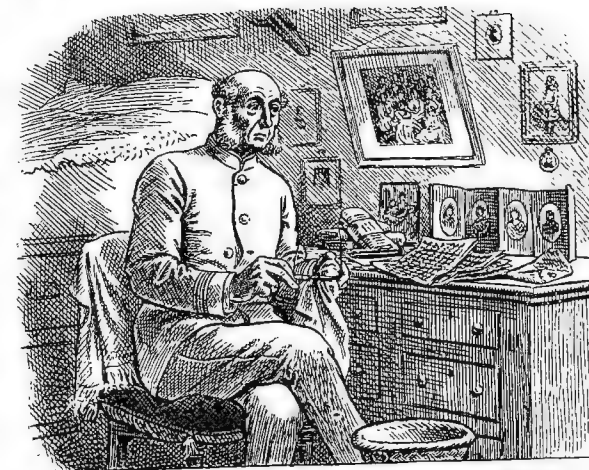
NOT EVEN ONE



PROLONGED SUSPENSE



REJECTED ADDRESSES



PATRIARCHAL PENALTIES—FOUR SHEETS CROSSED AND RE-CROSSED EACH MAIL

It makes the Rome of Domitian seem anything but a bad place to live in. It is possible there are people who, not having enough of speeches about Ireland in the newspapers, turn hungrily to novels for more? One is almost bound to think so, from the multitude of stories of which J. D. Maginn's "Fitzgerald the Fenian" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall) is a not unfavourable specimen. It contains election speeches, speeches in the House of Commons, speeches at dynamite meetings; it contains an attempted eviction, an Irish night, a trial for treason felony; in short, it is just the book for those morbidly eccentric persons in whose existence we have been driven to suppose. Mr. Fitzgerald is, however, a painfully moderate sort of Fenian; and, though in Parliament, disapproves of Obstruction on principle. He very properly considers that the solution of the Irish Question is for England and Ireland to understand each other better. Of course, it is impossible to disagree with him; and it is evident that there must be something radically wrong about the methods of recent Irish novelists—who presumably understand their own people—that the requisite degree of mutual understanding has not long ago been attained. Perhaps it is their invariable deficiency in anything approaching to humour.

The moral of "St. Veda's ; or, the Pearl of Orr's Haven," by Annie S. Swan (1 vol. : Edinburgh, Anderson and Ferrier) is rather more practical. It seems to be that a cabman ought to be exceedingly careful how he drives, seeing that a single piece of negligence may nullify all that a novelist can do in making her heroine and her readers happy. But for that otherwise unnecessary cab, Annie Erskine would have been left at the end of the story in the full enjoyment of her long unknown rights, of a happy marriage, and all manner of prosperity and affection. However, art must yield to the public welfare ; and, in any case, the story—leaving the cab business aside—is well constructed and pleasantly told. The coincidences are rather startling, almost rivalling, in one instance, even the way in which Polycrates recovered his wing, and the characters are well-nigh too good for fiction. But then the coincidences provide the zest required by the absence of villainy, and the virtue is less monotonous by reason of the quaintness of its setting, the best part of the scene being laid among the fisher folk of Liff, who are described with sympathy and knowledge. On the whole, we cannot pardon that intrusive cabman, despite the moral which he conveys. Why could not Annie S. Swan leave well alone ?

"Claire," by the author of "Vida" (1 vol.: Glasgow, J. Maclehose and Sons), is also a well-written and pleasant story, with an equally attractive Scottish flavour. It has even the distinction of an occasional touch of humour, as in a sympathetic and unconventional love scene—imagine a really novel love scene—between Claire, the heroine, and Tom Saville; an honest lout whom love, combined with an exceptional proportion of good sense, has made a man. The characters generally are well drawn and well balanced in their unpretending and homely way, and altogether a good domestic effect is obtained, without any apparent effort, from a skilful use of simple materials.

There is a touching sort of innocence about "A Loyal Heart; or, a Story of the Crimean War," by G. E. Nottim (1 vol.: Remington and Co.). Under ordinary circumstances, it would be impossible to approve of the conduct of a young woman in humble life who goes out walking with two soldiers alternately, and thinks nothing of waiting for one of them after dark outside the barracks. But *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. It is all done in such Arcadian simplicity that so severe a mistress as Mrs. Grundy herself would be disarmed; and when one of the young soldiers knocks down a sergeant for trying to kiss the young woman, one feels that the sailor of melodrama has come back, and taken the Queen's shilling. Of course the private suffers for his chivalry: and then, we are sorry to say, the other young man very meanly suppresses his absent friend's message to the young woman. But we are glad to say that his attempts fail; and that he repents, confesses, and dies in the most edifying manner, after having taken his part in the Balalaeva charge. Altogether, to meet with anything quite so simple in these days of "advanced" fiction is something like a new sensation; and the style is in every respect appropriate to the story.

THE wild life of fierce passion unrestrained, characteristic of the Italian Middle Ages, has often proved attractive to dramatists. The Second Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation, Teheran, Mr. Fairfax L. Cartwright, has had no difficulty in finding there material for an effective tragedy, *The Baglioni* (Field and Tuer). The Baglioni rose to power in the fourteenth century, after a long struggle with the Oddi, their rivals in Perugia. They were as fierce and bloodthirsty as a set of ruffians as any to be found in the mediæval annals of Italy. When they were not engaged in carrying on wars with their neighbours, they were certain to be quarrelling and fighting among themselves. This play hinges on the massacre of his family, planned and carried out by Grifone Baglioni, with the help of a set of desperate bravoos and adventurers, which took place on the night of August 14th, A.D. 1500, during the marriage festivities given in celebration of the union of Astorre Baglioni and Lavinia Colonna. The only important member of the house who escaped was Giampaolo Baglioni, who is the hero of this piece. The story is one which lends itself to dramatic treatment, and Mr. Cartwright has handled it well, and, by the introduction of Maddalena, Giampaolo's mistress, supplies a tenderly pathetic episode amid the darkness of the tragedy.

M. Paul Carré gives us what is largely a volume of monologues in "A Mi-Côte" (Librairie Française). One of the most powerful is that of "André Chénier devant la Mort," where the prisoner of Robespierre is supposed to be communing with himself in his prison cell, and during the small hours of the day of his execution. He argues down his fear of death, and balances the question of life or no life after death. The puzzle which tries him is summed up in the verse:

Êtes vous confondus dans le même néant,
Haine, innocence, amour, vertus, trahisons, crimes ?
Opprimés, oppresseurs, tyrans, bourreaux, victimes,
Dormez vous pêle-mêle en ce gouffre géant.

Some other of M. Carré's poems are not wanting in pathos and neatness of expression.

Mr. W. M. Crealock's "Scraps by a Sailor; or Rhymes of the Land and Sea" (Wyman and Sons) are interesting, as the outcome of the attempts of a well-meaning mariner to set to word-music his passing thoughts of various scenes on the ocean and in sea-board places. Those who have seen the creature to which he alludes in the following verse of a poem about "Falling Stars," composed on the Pacific Ocean in January, 1881, will think him rash in rushing to conclusions:—

A star-fish I found on the strand
Where 'twas thrown by the sea
And thought I could now understand
Where the fallen stars must be.

A poet should distinguish between the words "lie" and "lay," else his readers will fail to rise to the severe scorn intended in :—

To nestling lay in a maiden's arms
Maybe for a landsman has its charms.

THE example of George Morland's art, "A Tea Garden," given in *facsimile*, represents a characteristic page of English life a century ago, when well-to-do citizens, with rural longings unquenched by the associations of the metropolis, sought the relaxations of open-air amusements, and joyfully wended their way to spend the summer evenings at the various suburban pleasure-gardens which were then popular accessories of London life. The scene of Morland's picture happens to be Bagnigge Wells, now the site of "Cubbitopolis," but once famous for its springs—a tea-garden in fashionable request, to which our ancestors betook themselves to bouts of drinking Bohea *al fresco*. A farther interest, of a distinctly personal nature, is found in the circumstance that the personages depicted are understood to be drawn from the artist's family circle, being portraits of George Morland himself, his pretty wife, and Henry Morland, his father, who was also a versatile artist, painting portraits and subject-pictures in oil, and especially excelling in crayons: he was a constant exhibitor of portraits and domestic subjects at the Academy from 1771 to 1793, and he further practised the mezzotint branch of engraving. The Morland family was essentially an artistic one: George Morland's mother was an exhibitor at the Academy 1785-1786, and his sisters were also fairly proficient in art. His wife was the sister of James and William Ward, Academicians, admirable artists and engravers, both of whom have successfully rendered Morland's pictures in mezzotint; indeed, for painter-like rendering their engravings are pre-eminent. William Ward, A.E., was doubly connected with the Morland family, his wife being the beautiful Maria Morland, sister of the painter.

IN years past, in the summer months I have hastily gone through the whole of the Western and Eastern Riviera, and for many winter weeks I have been staying in that favoured limited region which is the Riviera proper. I am glad that I know this famous coast-line with some approach to completeness, and also both in summer and winter. The word Riviera is often used in a vague, uncertain kind of way. It simply means the under-cliff; that is, the under-cliff of the Maritime Alps. It is generally used as a synonym for the coast-road, the Cornice—and how that rocky ledge-path has expanded into one of the finest and safest of the national roads!—which runs along the north coast from Marseilles to Genoa, and down the west Italian shore from Genoa to Lucca. The true Riviera—"La Petite Afrique," as it is called—with a summer heat that is hardly exceeded in the tropics themselves, with its rare combination of climatic advantages, and even disadvantages as well, is a rigidly defined region. It does not include Hyères, although Hyères runs further south into the sea than any other French watering-place, but is not, on that account, any the warmer, through the want of mountain-shelter. I spent a few days there very pleasantly. They are now building a health resort in the neighbouring hamlet of Costebelle, among the pines, reminding us of Bournemouth and of Arcachon. Even Cannes, with its fifty hotels and five hundred villas, the so-called social capital of the Riviera, does not strictly come within the "scientific frontier." It has the protection, such as it is, of the Esterelles range. Here the railway runs ten miles inland to Grasse, the region of rose-farms and all perfumes, and is not underneath the Alps. Even Nice is not exactly the Riviera, which more properly begins at Villafranca (I like to adhere to the old Italian names which prevailed before that cession or confiscation of territory which the Italians will never forgive), a few miles off. Here the visitor is at once conscious of a warmer climate than any which he has known Westward. I took a boat across the bay, and then worked my way through a wood of olives, and groves of lemons and oranges into the Cornice. During the winter months the orange and lemon trees are in their full bright fruitage, and the markets and florist shops of the towns are profuse in flowers. The postal authorities allow you to send away at exceptionally low rates parcels of flowers in specially constructed boxes. This, the true Riviera, extends to Monaco and Monte Carlo, Mentone, Bordighera, San Remo, and even Alassio, though at the last place the climate is rather colder.

The district, omitting Alasio, is about fifty miles in length, and from Mentone you might visit any part of it, going and returning the same day, or in the same day going through the valleys to the mountain hamlets. It is as manageable as the line of watering-places on the Sussex coast, or even as the places in the London Postal Districts. Even invalids can do a great deal, but most of the people that one meets are simply "Sun worshippers," or friends that come with invalids, and the great numbers that are attracted by the gaieties to Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo.

This last place, Monte Carlo, has been much recommended of late by medical men as a health-resort, but I think there are some great objections to it. In the first place there is no level walking at Monte Carlo, and there is a standing temptation to invalids to climb the rocky ascent of Monaco. In the next place there is no doubt that the gambling-rooms have a very bad effect on the invalids who are tempted into them, and indeed constitute a very disturbing element for the patients at Mentone. There have been some very queer stories this year about tragedies at Monte Carlo, and mischief wrought at Mentone, tales of swindling and suicide, with which the local annals have been ever familiar.

It is a well-known saying of the three chief watering places of the Riviera, people go to Nice to amuse themselves, to Cannes to be married, and to Mentone to die. People however take a very long time to die at Mentone. I know personally two men who came to Mentone to die more than a quarter of a century ago, and are still able thoroughly to enjoy life. In the sheltered region of the East Bay there is hardly a rough breeze to disturb the flickering lamp of life. The middle of the month of February is a very critical time for invalids. It is also the time when the season is at the fullest. The cold mistral under the hot sun blows keenly from the Pyrenean Mountains. Many patients who have battled bravely up to this time now show signs of failure and discouragement. Through all the towns of the seaboard there are at this time incessant preparations for the Carnival, and more especially we have the Battles of Flowers, of which the largest and best are at Nice.

The prodigality of flowers at this season of the year is beyond all belief. In one of my recent visits to Bordighera I saw an exhibition of specimens of between eight and nine hundred wild flowers painted from nature by a resident Anglican clergyman, Mr. Bicknell. It was a rare pleasure also at Bordighera to visit the gardens of M. Garnier, the architect of the new opera house at Paris, and of the Casino at Monte Carlo—where Meissonier has painted his own portrait in the hall—and also of M. Bischofheim, where the Queen of Italy long resided, and recovered her health. This is the scene of Ruffini's lovely story, "Don Antonio." Here we have a wilderness of olive trees and thousands of palm trees, giving quite an Oriental character to the landscape. In point of fact Mentone is much warmer than Bordighera or its promontory, but Bordighera specially cultivates the palm, as it has the monopoly of it at Rome. At the present time the Bordighera people are specially preparing for Palm Sunday, and are artificially bleaching the palm trees by tying them up. The fruit-bearing palms are only found in a few private gardens along the coast.

A few miles further on we come to Ospedaletti, where great attempts have been made to create a fashionable neighbourhood

but the Casino broke down in the middle of last season. It takes fifty years, and at least a hundred thousand pounds, to grow a watering-place on the Riviera. There seems to be a good deal of public spirit and improvement at San Remo. The railroad runs in front of the sea, "hugging the shore," as it does throughout the Riviera, and I found the Municipality trying to hide up this unpleasant feature, and constructing a pavement that shall run between the line and the beach.

between the line and the beach. I am afraid that there is not much public spirit among the Mentonaise people. I hear it sometimes said that there is not much *rapprochement* between English and French society at this place, but the reason is that, except a contingent of invalids, there is little French society. The local people subscribe handsomely towards the expenses of the Carnival, but there is little done in the way of music and public gardens. The Mentonaise people are courteous and polite, and quite willing to avail themselves of any advantages that the English put in their way, but they will go to very little expense, public or private, for their visitors. There is a kind of earth-hunger on all the people, and no wonder, when their mother-earth can be sold for four or five thousand pounds an acre. There is a tendency among the richer people to denude the mother-earth of its olives, as the terraces reclaimed may be used for more profitable cultivation of the vine. But, unfortunately, the vines, like the fig-trees, are only at their best when visitors are away. The wealth and the chief glory of the land lie in the countless lemon groves, and the still more beautiful though less profitable orange orchards.

Orchards. The great modern events in the history of Mentone are the Queen's visit and the earthquake. One drawback to the Queen's residence was that the garden of the Châlet Rosiers was very limited. Even now it is hardly a patch on Mr. Henfrey's noble gardens at Baveno, which I visited some time ago, but at the time of the Queen's visit the Mentone garden was nothing like what it is at the present time. Fortunately the difficulty was met by Dr. Bennett, whose Keep of the Grimaldi Tower, with his Florentine palazzo below, are most striking objects on the Cornice Road as it passes the Gorge of St. Louis, which is the boundary between France and Italy. Here he has half-a-dozen acres of gardens, where flowers flourish in wild profusion. He offered to supply the Châlet with flowers, and in his *salon* is gratefully preserved an autograph letter of the Queen's gratefully appreciating his kindness. Every morning he sent down an immense basket of flowers. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice always breakfasted by themselves, and one half of the table was filled with the fresh-gathered morning roses. When the Queen and Princess had made their selection, the other flowers came to the ladies of the Court. When the Queen left she sent him a signet ring in token of her appreciation. All the time the Queen was at Châlet Rosiers it was most charming weather, while, on the contrary, it rained incessantly all the time that she was at Mr. Henfrey's other residence at Baveno. Fortunately, the French Government, since Mentone was made over to France, has constructed a little port, in which, in prosperous times, there may be half-a-dozen small vessels. Here, at a very short distance from the house, lay a man-of-war, which served as a kind of floating hotel to many of the Queen's attendants. Neither this port, nor that far more ancient and picturesque one below Monaco, are much used by the yachting world, and are hardly used by the fishing fleet. I have on various occasions seen the nets brought in, but never yet seen any fish in them.

The earthquake was a terrible blow to the place, and, in fact, Mentone has hardly got over it, though all the wounds are fast healing. The recollection still makes people nervous, and even prevents some nervous people from coming to Mentone. It is not an uncommon thing to hear nervous people solemnly assert that a slight *tremblement* has just been felt. In fact, the number of these private earthquakes is considerable. Here and there we see melancholy evidence of it in deserted villas, ruined hotels, and in the desolated cathedral. In the old town some of the narrow, sunless streets appear to be quite deserted in consequence of the earthquake. But the most extraordinary sight of all is the mountain village of Castillone, ten miles off, on the top of a hill, in what is called the Turin valley. I suppose that at the present moment this is the most unique sight of the kind in the world. The latter town is entirely demolished with the exception of the church, and the priest's house, and a small place near to it. A new town is springing up on the lower slope of the hills, and the pious villagers go to hear mass in the early morning in the church among the ruins, and send their children to school there, and draw their water from its cold, delicious fountain. It is good to desert the seaboard for a time to wander in the cool upper valleys and observe the high snowy Alps. The one reason for the town and mountain villages was defence against the Barbary pirates, whose captives were in a great measure swept away from the peasants of the Riviera. It is a curious fact that there are people yet alive who retain traditions or have actually seen something of these terrors. Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers was in 1816, but piracy was not annihilated till the French took possession of Algiers in 1830.

F. A.



MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Two of the most recent pianoforte pieces of "The Hanover Edition" are Field's time-honoured composition, "Rondo in E Flat" and Sudd's "Country Life March," arranged as a duet; both will be found useful in the schoolroom.—In a series of pianoforte pieces entitled "The Family Circle," by Walter Brooks, R.A.M., will be found four fairly good pieces—"Maytime" (1), "On the River" (2), "Pomponnette" (6), and "La Sirène" (11); the rest are of a very ordinary type.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—“Zitella,” a romantic cantata for female voices, libretto by D. H. Parry, music by R. Orlando Morgan, will be much liked by the senior pupils of a ladies’ school or college as there is a good spice of innocent love-making in it, which is not often to be met with in cantatas where the male element is excluded. There are but three principal rôles—Zitella (soprano), Dolores (mezzo-soprano), and Don Alvaro (contralto), a chorus of huntsmen, gipsies, and villagers *ad libitum* gives scope for some taste in fancy dresses, the scene being laid in Spain. The libretto is well written, and the music is bright and melodious. This cantata might well be acted in the open air with a stringed quartette and pianoforte concealed amongst the trees.—There is much quaintness and originality in “Four Songs of Innocence,” words by William Blake, music by Arthur Somervell; they sound charming when sung by little children.—A dainty little German love song of medium compass is “Das Mädchen Spricht,” words by Robert Prutz, music by Liza Lehmann.—Of an equally quaint type as the above is “My Little Sweetheart True,” written and composed by G. Hubi Newcombe and H. Martyn Van Lennep; this song is published in three keys.—“When O’er the Hills” is a simple and melodious vocal duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor, words by Robert Burns, music by Emily Josephine Troup.—“Josef Hofmann Gavotte,” by Marie Wurm, is dull but well written.—There is good practice to be had from “Allegrezza” for the pianoforte, by J. Haydn Parry.



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